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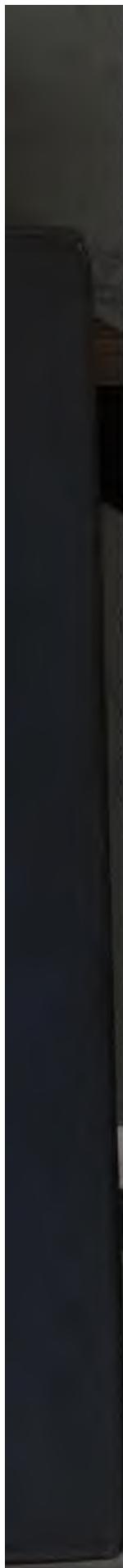
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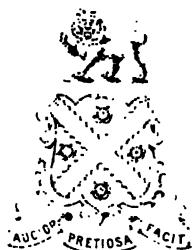
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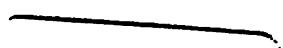




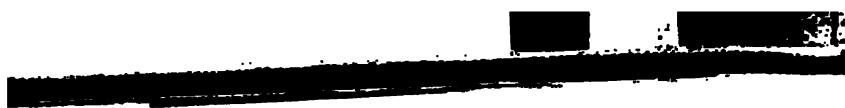
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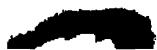
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The







THE  
SEASONS.  
BY  
JAMES THOMSON.

WITH  
ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM  
DESIGNS DRAWN ON WOOD  
BY

JOHN BELL, Sculptor  
C. W. COPE  
THOMAS CRESWICK  
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J. P. KNIGHT, A.R.A.  
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FRANK STONE  
C. STONHOUSE  
FREDERICK TAYLER  
H. J. TOWNSEND  
AND  
THOMAS WEBSTER, A.R.A.

AND WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR  
BY PATRICK MURDOCH, D.D., F.R.S.

EDITED BY BOLTON CORNEY, Esq.

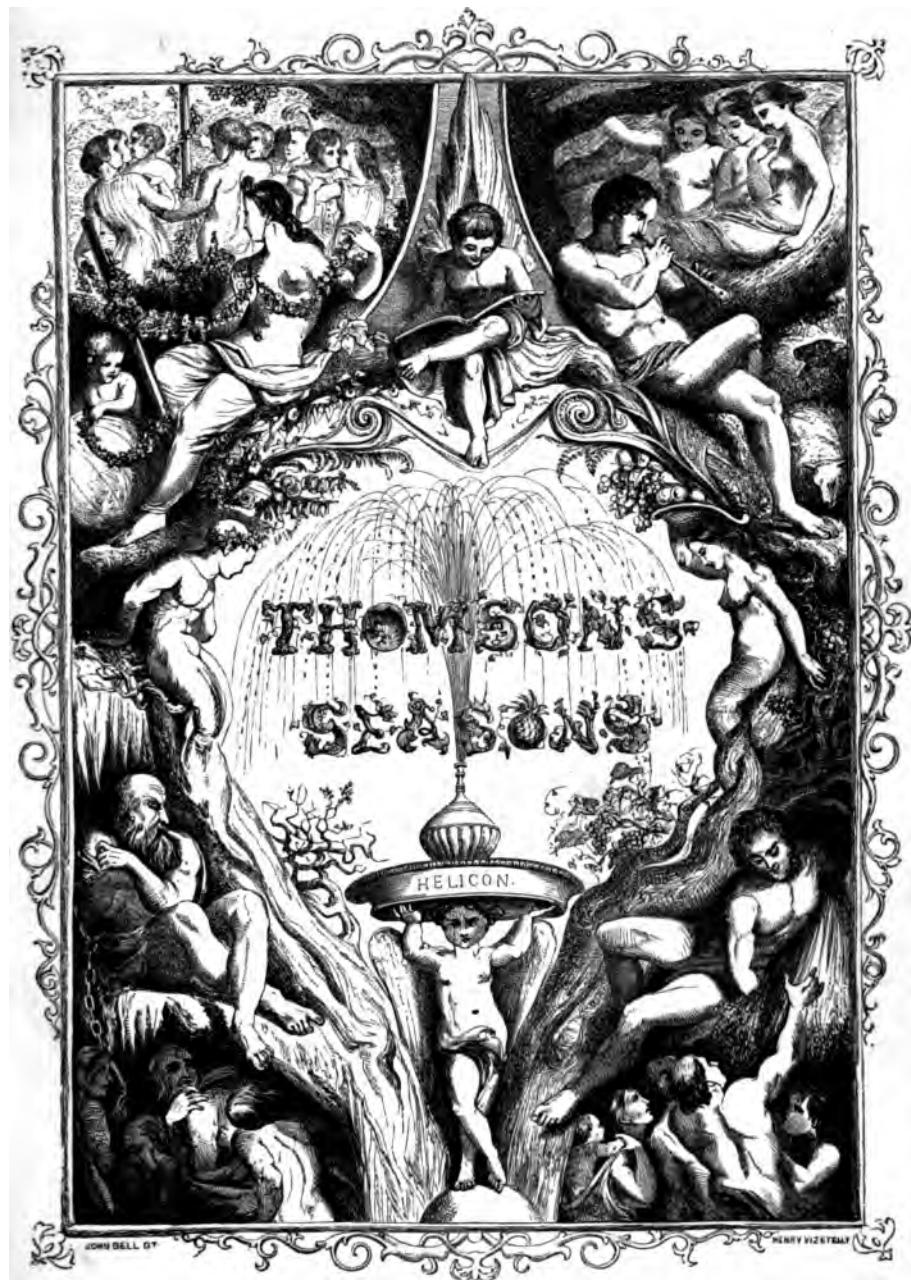
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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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New-Street-Square.



JOHN BELL ST.

HENRY VIZETTE

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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An additional mark of homage to the merit and genius of Thomson is sure to delight those who are familiar with his writings; and it claims the notice of all persons who can appreciate just sentiments, vivid description, or the melody of verse.

We have the union of those qualities in *The Seasons*. No poem surpasses it in felicity of theme; in ethical tendency; in the pathos of its episodes; in the truth, the richness, the variety of its details of scenery. The mutable circumstances of taste or fashion can never diminish its value. It is the perpetual calendar of nature—which may be read with profit and pleasure in each ‘revolving year.’

A poem of so elevated a character is entitled to the best attire; and this edition has been prompted by such feelings. The publishers, aware of the objections which attach to previous attempts, were anxious to produce a volume which should merit confidence as to the fidelity of its text, and become the favourite of all classes by the superiority of its graphic accompaniments.

An admirer of Thomson, and of the spirit in which this project was conceived, I could not resist the offer of editorship; and I have therefore to describe the course pursued, and the precise amount of my responsibility.

The form which has been adopted, while it gives scope to ornament, invites to perusal by its convenience. The paper, the type, and the various minor essentials, have received all the consideration which experience could dictate. As the result is obvious, there can be no necessity for comment.

The poem is printed from the edition of 1746, which contains the final revision of the author—who died in 1748. This valuable edition, afterwards in part mutilated, has escaped the researches of his numerous biographers; and the text of the subsequent editions proves to be more or less defective. The memoir of the poet is printed from the revised edition of 1768, and the ode to his memory from the original edition of 1749; both which have also escaped notice. This concurrence of editorial over-

sights, in works so frequently printed, is a very remarkable circumstance in the history of literature.

If I notice the text before the engraved illustrations, it is in obedience to the rules of bibliography; and not from insensibility to the charms which they possess. By others, this order may be reversed.

The illustrations, seventy-seven in number, have been executed from designs furnished by various eminent artists, members of The Etching Club; which, though of recent date, has deservedly obtained celebrity. The designs were drawn on the wood by the artists themselves; and have been engraved with the utmost attention to similitude—so that we behold, in effect, the very drawings. I anticipate, as to the designs, the entire approbation of the public. The artists have established their relationship to the poet: they have evinced a similar intimacy with the forms and phases of nature; and a capability of giving each idea its apt expression. Accustomed to co-operation, they have also imparted to the series a harmony which we too frequently miss in ornamented works. A more extended encomium would be unsuitable to an advertisement. The list of illustrations records the subject of each design, the name of the artist by whom it was drawn, and of the engraver by whose skill it received permanency.

It may be interesting to the scientific reader to know that the illustrations are printed from copper blocks formed by the electrotype process. This method has been found to be attended with several advantages in printing, besides the means which it affords of preserving the original blocks, and of renewing the electrotypes, thus forming a perpetual security against inferior impressions of the designs.

A witness to the care bestowed on this volume in the typographic and artistic departments, I have felt a proportionate solicitude as to the editorial operations; which alone remain to be described. In a *Memorandum on the text of The Seasons*, which appeared in the patriarchal columns of Mr. Sylvanus Urban, I pointed out its defective state, and called attention to the authoritative edition of 1746. I afterwards undertook to correct the proofs by that edition; recommended the adoption of the memoir now prefixed; and made some additions to it in the shape of notes. Perhaps it may be expedient to add, with reference to a certain resolution contained in the *Memorandum*, that I have acted on this occasion *as an amateur*.

Greenwich, May 6. 1842.

BOLTON CORNEY.

AN ACCOUNT  
OF  
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
MR. JAMES THOMSON,  
BY PATRICK MURDOCH, D.D. F.R.S.\*

IT is commonly said that the life of a good writer is best read in his works; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits: the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear

\* The life of Thomson has been frequently written. The most important narratives are those of Robert Shiels, published in 1753; of Murdoch, published in 1762, and revised in 1768; of Johnson, published in 1781, and revised in 1783; of the earl of Buchan, published in 1792; of sir Harris Nicolas, in 1830; and of the Rev. Robert Lundie, of Kelso, in 1830.—Shiels wrote with intelligence, but is very sparing as to dates. Murdoch, the next biographer of the poet, was one of his most intimate friends; and this circumstance, added to the merit of his narrative as a composition, stamps it with a peculiar value. Each of the other biographers enumerated, and especially sir Harris Nicolas, has produced some additional information, the substance of which I have endeavoured to express in the notes. I have, moreover, had recourse to Spence, to Joseph Warton, and to Boswell; to the *Memoranda of Thomson* by Mr. Park; to the *Culloden papers*; to the recent *Statistical account of Roxburghshire*; to the letters of the poet which were published by Seward, and by Lundie; to the works of his principal contemporaries, etc.

I have also been indebted to David Laing, Esq. F.S.A.L. and Sc., for various communications; to the Rev. Joseph Thomson, minister of Ednam, and to the Rev. John Richmond, minister of Southdean, for documentary materials; and to William Jerdan, Esq. M.R.S.L. etc., for the favour of some instructive colloquies on his native Teviotdale.

undisguised.<sup>1</sup> But however just this observation may be, and although we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame as a good man as well as a man of genius on this sole footing, yet the desire which the public always shows of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author ought not to be disappointed; as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory; to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam<sup>2</sup>, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September in the year 1700.<sup>3</sup> His father, minister of that place<sup>4</sup>, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but highly respected by them for his piety and his diligence in the pastoral duty, as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

<sup>1</sup> Johnson, relying on the testimony of Savage, censures this observation as *not well-timed*. I shall prove, in a future note, the incompetency of his witness.

<sup>2</sup> The village of Ednam is within a short distance of the Tweed. This circumstance explains the epithet "*parent-stream*" — *Autumn*, line 889.

<sup>3</sup> Johnson says the 7th of September, but cites no authority. I prefer the date which appears in the text. The poet was *baptized* on the 15th.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. Thomas Thomson was admitted minister of Ednam in 1692. He was appointed to Southdean, a more extensive parish in the same shire, soon after the poet was born; and preached his farewell sermon at Ednam in November 1700. The manse of Southdean is near the *sylvan Jed*.

The reverend Messrs. Riccaltoun<sup>5</sup> and Gusthart, particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances; and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr. Gusthart<sup>6</sup>, who is still living [1762], one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the chapel-royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. Thomson in the management of her little affairs; which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir William Bennet<sup>7</sup> likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young poet, and used to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country seat; a scene of life which Mr. Thomson always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either

<sup>5</sup> The Rev. Robert Riccaltoun appears to have resided at Hobkirk, about three miles from Southdean. He was minister of Hobkirk from 1725 to 1769. His literary works were published at Edinburgh in 1771, 8vo. 3 vols.

<sup>6</sup> The Rev. William Gusthart died in 1764. His son, Robert Gusthart, M. D., who visited Thomson at Richmond, died at Bath in 1780.

<sup>7</sup> Sir William Bennet of Grubit, Bart. He is celebrated by Allan Ramsay. His seat was in the parish of Eckford, Roxburghshire — where he died in 1729. Ramsay thus adverts to its picturesque attractions :

“ Your lovely scenes of *Marlèfield* abound  
With as much choice as is in Britain found.”

Lord Cranston and sir Gilbert Elliot were also attentive to *our young poet*.

to entertain sir William and Mr. Riccaltoun, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new year's day<sup>8</sup>; committing his little pieces to the flames in their due order, and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After the usual course of school education, under an able master at Jedburgh<sup>9</sup>, Mr. Thomson was sent to the university of Edinburgh.<sup>10</sup> But in the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father<sup>11</sup>; who was carried off so suddenly that it was not possible for Mr. Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs. Thomson, whose maiden name was Trotter<sup>12</sup>, and who was co-heiress of a small estate in the country<sup>13</sup>, did not sink under this misfortune. She consulted her friend Mr. Gusthart; and having,

<sup>8</sup> One of these pieces, a poetical epistle to sir William Bennet, has been preserved. It is chiefly remarkable for its anticipations of poetical celebrity.

<sup>9</sup> He was educated in the grammar-school, which was held in a chapel on the south side of the choir of the venerable abbey of Jedburgh. The poet had a twofold reason to celebrate the *sylvan Jed*.

<sup>10</sup> His matriculation is not recorded. He was admitted as a student of divinity in 1719, and is presumed to have left the university towards the close of 1724.

<sup>11</sup> The Rev. Thomas Thomson appears to have died in 1720. His tombstone still remains in the churchyard of Southdean, but the inscription is obliterated.

<sup>12</sup> The edition of 1762 has *Hume*. In the revised edition of 1768 it is altered to *Trotter*; and I am enabled to confirm the propriety of this alteration by a certified extract from the session-records of Ednam: " 1693. Oct. 6. The said day Mr. Thomas Thomson minister of Ednam and Beatrix Trotter in the parish of Kelso gave up their names for proclamation in order to marriage."

<sup>13</sup> This estate, which bore the name of Widehope, is in the parish of Morbattle, Roxburghshire. It is now the property of the marquess of Tweeddale.

by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaireed with her family to Edinburgh—where she lived in a decent, frugal manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical course, but was even distinguished and patronised as a man of genius. She was, herself, a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.<sup>14</sup>

But whatever advantage Mr. Thomson might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the sacred writings contributed greatly to that sublime by which his works will be for ever distinguished. In his first pieces, the *Seasons*, we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer; seizing the grand images as they rise, clothing them in his own expressive language, and preserving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity which belong to a just composition, un-hurt by the stiffness of formal method.

About this time the study of poetry was become general in Scotland, the best English authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addison<sup>15</sup> had lately displayed the

<sup>14</sup> Mrs. Thomson died in 1725. The verses which our poet wrote on this occasion do honour to his feelings and his poetic taste. I shall give a specimen:

“ Ye fabled muses, I your aid disclaim,  
Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame:  
True genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,  
Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;  
The soul springs instant at the warm design,  
And the heart dictates every flowing line.”

<sup>15</sup> The criticism on *Paradise Lost* appeared in 1712. It occupies eighteen numbers of the *Spectator*—which, as Bisset proves, was much read in Scotland.

beauties of Milton's immortal work ; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated *Essay*<sup>16</sup>, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry ; taste being a gift of nature, the want of which Aristotle and Bossu<sup>17</sup> cannot supply, nor even the study of the best originals, when the reader's faculties are not tuned in a certain consonance to those of the poet—and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen into whose hands a few of Mr. Thomson's first essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriances which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure ; so far indeed they might be competent judges—but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr. Thomson, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment ; especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only, from that time he began to turn his views towards London, where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement ; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton<sup>18</sup>, a gentleman universally respected and

<sup>16</sup> The *Essay on criticism* was published in 1711. It was first advertised in the *Spectator*, No. 65. The best homeborn critical-code, and the best models of style, appeared in the same year !

<sup>17</sup> René Le Bossu, author of the *Traité du poème épique*, 1675.—“ Son *Traité*,” said Voltaire in 1752, “ a beaucoup de réputation, mais il ne fera jamais de poëtes.” Blair and Laharpe have censured it more pointedly.

<sup>18</sup> The Rev. William Hamilton, minister of Cramond in 1694, was appointed professor of divinity in 1709, and succeeded Wishart as principal in 1732. He died in the following year. Anne, his daughter, was married to John Horsley, F. R. S.

beloved ; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour, and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required ; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience.<sup>19</sup> Mr. Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly striking parts of it ; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious ; even though the *church* had been more his free choice than probably it was. So that having, soon after, received some encouragement from a lady of quality<sup>20</sup>, a friend of his mother's, then in London, he quickly prepared himself for his journey. And although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it served for the present as a good pretext to cover the imprudence of committing himself to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronised, and with the slender stock of money he was then possessed of.

<sup>19</sup> The prescribed exercise was an illustration of the 10th section of the 119th psalm. It was delivered in the divinity-hall on the 27th of October 1724.

<sup>20</sup> Lady Grisell Baillie, daughter of sir Patrick Hume afterwards earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood, Esq., then member for Berwickshire—both *exalted characters*. Rachel, their second daughter, was married to Charles lord Binning, in whose family Thomson acted as a tutor soon after his arrival in London in March 1725. Lady Grisell Baillie died in 1746.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. Forbes<sup>21</sup>, afterwards lord-president of the session, then attending the service of parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr. Thomson's poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends<sup>22</sup>; particularly to Mr. Aikman<sup>23</sup>, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.<sup>24</sup>

In the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*; in which, as himself was a mere novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mallet<sup>25</sup>, then private tutor to his grace the

<sup>21</sup> Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Esq.—He was born near Inverness in 1685, and admitted as an advocate in 1709. In 1722 he obtained a seat in parliament. In 1725 he was appointed lord-advocate, and in 1737 lord-president of the court of session. He was a man of eminent ability, activity, and patriotism. Thomson has an encomiastic address to him in *Autumn*, line 944, etc. He died at Edinburgh on the 10th of December 1747.

<sup>22</sup> His first introductions were to the duke of Argyle, the earl of Burlington, and sir Robert Walpole, to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay.

<sup>23</sup> William Aikman, Esq.—He was born in Scotland in 1682; became a pupil of Medina; and afterwards visited Italy. He painted portraits of the duke of Argyle, the countess of Burlington, lady Grisell Baillie, and other patrons of Thomson. His own portrait is preserved at Florence. He died in 1731.

<sup>24</sup> The *copy of verses* on Mr. Aikman, as edited in 1750 and 1762, consists of eight lines. As edited by the earl of Buchan, from the autographic manuscript, it extends to forty-two lines.

<sup>25</sup> Mallet, as Ramsay intimates, left the Grampian heights to educate two

duke of Montrose<sup>26</sup>, and his brother the lord George Graham<sup>27</sup>, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea-officer. To Mr. Mallet he likewise owed his first acquaintance with several of the wits of that time; an exact information of their characters, personal and poetical, and how they stood affected to each other.<sup>28</sup>

The poem of *Winter*<sup>29</sup>, published in March 1726, was no sooner read than universally admired<sup>30</sup>; those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for, any thing in poetry beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly

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*Grahams.* His pupils were the sons of James first duke of Montrose; and to this noble patron he dedicated his tragedy of *Eurydice*. An interview with Mallet, at the residence of the duke in Hanover-square, was the earliest object of Thomson on his arrival in London.

<sup>26</sup> Lord William Graham.—He became earl Graham, by the death of an elder brother, in 1731; and duke of Montrose in 1741. He enjoyed his honours till 1790. His recollections of Mallet and Thomson might have been valuable.

<sup>27</sup> Lord George Graham, member for Stirlingshire, and captain of H. M. S. Nottingham, of sixty guns, died at Bath in 1747.

<sup>28</sup> The character of Mallet has been variously represented. He was “Malloch to his relations, Mallet to his friends, and Moloch to his enemies.” Shiels, however, declares that his intimacy with Thomson was never “once disturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side.” He died in 1765.

<sup>29</sup> “Winter. A poem. By James Thomson, A. M. London: printed for J. Millan, 1726.” Folio.—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington. The dedication was written by Mallet. The poem has several lines which now appear in *Autumn*, 963, etc., 1030, etc. It was reprinted, with additions; a preface; and commendatory verses by Aaron Hill, *Mira*, and D. Malloch, 1726. 8vo. The first edition was reprinted at Dublin, for William Smith, 1726. 8vo.

<sup>30</sup> This phrase may lead to misconception. Was it soon read? Shiels declares that the impression lay as waste paper, and Dr. Warton confirms the statement. The poem was much indebted for its early popularity to two divines. The Rev. Robert Whatley, afterwards prebendary of York, undertook to display its merit to the coffee-house critics; and the Rev. Joseph Spence, afterwards professor of poetry at Oxford, commended it in his *Essay on the Odyssey*.

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trimmed with rhyme<sup>31</sup>, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt whether he should more admire the poet, or love the man.

From that time, Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses — the countess of Hertford<sup>32</sup>, miss Drelincourt<sup>33</sup>, afterwards viscountess Primrose, Mrs. Stan-

<sup>31</sup> Perhaps a sarcasm on Pope. Thomson paid his senior this fine compliment:  
“ For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
Yet is his life the more endearing song.”

Pope, in return, sent him poetical epistle—but never admitted it into his works! He also glanced at his redundancy of epithets.

<sup>32</sup> Frances, daughter of the Hon. Henry Thynne, and wife of Algernon Seymour earl of Hertford—who became duke of Somerset in 1748. She deserved the rich encomium which appears in *The Seasons—Spring*, line 5, etc. In her letters, says Shenstone, we discern a “ perfect rectitude of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and a truly-classic ease and elegance of style.” She died in 1754.

<sup>33</sup> Anne Drelincourt, daughter of the dean of Armagh, was married to Hugh third viscount Primrose in 1739; and became a widow in 1741. Lady Hervey describes her as a *very sensible, amiable woman*. She died in 1775.

ley<sup>34</sup>, and others. But the chief happiness which his *Winter* procured him was that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle<sup>35</sup>, afterwards lord bishop of Derry; who, upon conversing with Mr. Thomson, and finding in him qualities greater still and of more value than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship—promoted his character every where—introduced him to his great friend the lord-chancellor Talbot<sup>36</sup>—and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his *tour* of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of lord Talbot. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark manœuvres that were employed; but Mr. Thomson, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of—

<sup>34</sup> Sarah, eldest daughter of sir Hans Sloane, Bart., and relict of George Stanley, of Paultons, in Hampshire, Esq.—Thomson beautifully apostrophises Mrs. and miss Stanley in *Summer*, line 564, etc. He also wrote an epitaph on miss Stanley, who died in 1738; and was buried at Southampton. Mrs. Stanley, the *best of parents*, a lover also of astronomy and of poetry, died in 1764.

<sup>35</sup> Thomas Rundle, a native of Milton-Abbots, was educated at Oxford. B. C. L. 1710; D. C. L. 1723. While a student there, he was introduced to Edward, second son of bishop Talbot. He afterwards became the favourite of the Talbot family, to whom he was indebted for various preferments. On the death of Dr. Sydall, the lord-chancellor Talbot recommended him for the see of Gloucester, but the stern opposition of bishop Gibson prevailed. He was, however, consecrated bishop of Derry in 1735. Pope, who was charmed with his society, said on that occasion: “He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop.”—No person has characterised the genius and writings of Thomson more happily than Rundle. He died at Dublin, before he had reached his sixtieth year, in 1743.

<sup>36</sup> Charles Talbot, Esq., solicitor-general.—He did not receive the great seal till the 29th of November 1733. He was forthwith created baron Talbot.

slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,  
Jealous of worth.

Meanwhile our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him ; and the expectations which his *Winter* had raised were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other *Seasons* : of *Summer*, in the year 1727<sup>37</sup> ; of *Spring*<sup>38</sup>, in the beginning of the following year ; and of *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730.<sup>39</sup>

In that edition, the *Seasons* are placed in their natural order ; and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn* in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite power and goodness. In imitation of the Hebrew bard, all nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise.

Besides these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba*<sup>40</sup>, written and acted

<sup>37</sup> "Summer. A poem. By James Thomson. London: printed for J. Millan, 1727." 8vo.—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to Mr. Dodington, afterwards lord Melcombe. The poem was reprinted, 1728 ? 8vo.

<sup>38</sup> "Spring. A poem. By Mr. Thomson. London, printed: and sold by A. Millar, 1728." 8vo.—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to the countess of Hertford. The second separate edition is dated 1731. 8vo.

<sup>39</sup> "The Seasons. [with a poem to the memory of sir Isaac Newton.] By Mr. Thomson. London: printed in the year 1730." 4to. Vignette, plate to each *season*, and monument of Newton.—This handsome volume, which contains the first edition of *Autumn*, was published by subscription. The proposals were circulated before the publication of *Spring*. The epistolary dedications are omitted. *Autumn* is inscribed to Arthur Onslow, Esq.: the other *seasons* to the same persons as in the first editions. The price to subscribers was *one guinea*. Mr. Dodington subscribed for twenty copies; and, in addition to a brilliant list of nobility, we observe the names of Arbuthnot, Pope, Somerville, Spence, Young.

<sup>40</sup> "The tragedy of Sophonisba. Acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane. By his majesty's servants. By Mr. Thomson. London: printed for A. Millar, 1730." 8vo.—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to queen Caroline. The pro-

with applause in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the memory of sir Isaac Newton<sup>41</sup>, then lately deceased ; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries—sublimely poetical, and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues, *Il Newtonianismo per le dame*. This was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray<sup>42</sup>, now [1768] of the marischal college, Aberdeen, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian philosophy, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact though general abstract of its principles.

That same year, the resentment of our merchants for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it ; and wrote his poem *Britannia*<sup>43</sup>, to rouse the nation to revenge. And although this piece is the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it, can never be out of season ; they will at least remain a monument of that

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logue and epilogue are anonymous contributions. The former was written by Pope and Mallet. This tragedy was first acted on the 28th of February, 1730. *Masinissa* was personated by Mr. Wilks ; *Sophonisba*, by Mrs. Oldfield.

<sup>41</sup> “ A poem sacred to the memory of sir Isaac Newton. By James Thomson. London : printed for J. Millan, 1727.” Folio.—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to sir Robert Walpole. The intended life of Newton, by Mr. Conduitt, is announced in some lines which are omitted in the editions of 1750 and 1762.

<sup>42</sup> John Gray, Esq., author of *A treatise of gunnery*, was admitted F. R. S. in 1732 ; and contributed a paper to the *Philosophical transactions*. In 1765 he was chosen rector of marischal college, Aberdeen ; and by deed, dated in 1768, founded two mathematical bursaries in that university. He died in London, rector of marischal college, in 1769 ; and was buried at Petersham in Surrey.

<sup>43</sup> “ Britannia. A poem. Written in the year 1719.” [1727.] London, 1729. 8vo. Second edition, 1730. 4to. Third edition, 1730. 8vo.—In the second edition, the deceptive date is omitted ; in the third, it re-appears.

love of his country, that *devotion to the public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels.<sup>44</sup> A delightful task indeed ! endowed as that young nobleman was by nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity ; graceful of person, elegant in manners and address, pious, humane, generous — with an exquisite taste in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend, Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe<sup>45</sup>; and returned with his views greatly enlarged—not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to England. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raised by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments, and to show them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy

<sup>44</sup> Charles Richard Talbot, Esq.—He died before his father was created a peer. Our learned mathematician is somewhat inattentive to synchronism.

<sup>45</sup> Thomson had acquired fame by *The Seasons*; and to travel was now his fondest wish—not for mere recreation, but to collect fresh *materia poetica*. In December 1730, he was at Paris. He proceeded to Lyon, where he met Spence; and afterwards visited the fontaine de Vaucluse, of which he promised the countess of Hertford a poetical description. He was at Rome in November 1731, and in correspondence with lord Binning—who died at Naples. Before the expiration of 1731 he was at Ashdown Park in Berkshire. He did not make the tour of Europe : as Lyttelton expresses it, he *travelled to Italy*.

may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost, he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work ; upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.<sup>46</sup>

While Mr. Thomson was writing the first part of *Liberty*, he received a severe shock by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller ; which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of lord Talbot himself<sup>47</sup>—which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.<sup>48</sup> In him the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations<sup>49</sup>; and Mr. Thomson, besides

<sup>46</sup> “[*Liberty*. A poem.] Antient and modern Italy compared : being the first part of liberty, a poem. By Mr. Thomson. London : printed for A. Millar, 1735.” 4to.—“*Greece* : being the second part, etc. 1735.—*Rome* : being the third part, etc. 1735.—*Britain* : being the fourth part, etc. 1736.—*The prospect* : being the fifth part, etc. 1736.”—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to the prince of Wales. The poem seems to have been written in compliance with a suggestion of Mr. Dodington. It is a *vision*, comprised in three thousand three hundred and eighty lines of blank verse ; and is the least attractive of the works of Thomson. The *dignity of the subject* is undeniable ; but it is not less certain that *history*, *geography*, *arbitrary power*, *aristocratic sway*, etc., may be more effectively treated in prose than in verse.

<sup>47</sup> Mr. Talbot died on the 27th of September 1733 ; the lord-chancellor, on the 14th of February 1737. The former was in his twenty-fifth year.

<sup>48</sup> “A poem, to the memory of the right honourable the lord Talbot, late chancellor of Great Britain. By Mr. Thomson. London : printed for A. Millar, 1737.” 4to.—Inscribed “To the right honourable the lord Talbot.” The poem is in blank verse. It was published in June, 1737.

<sup>49</sup> In illustration of this remark, I shall transcribe the conclusion of an eloquent eulogy on lord Talbot by another of his learned and judicious contemporaries : “ He died in the fifty-second year of his age, and though removed at a time of life when others but begin to shine, he might justly be said *satis et ad vitam et ad gloriam vixisse* ; and his death united in one general concern a nation

his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time, he found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my lord Lyttelton.<sup>50</sup>

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the chancellor had made him his secretary of briefs<sup>51</sup>; a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble lord who succeeded to lord Talbot in office<sup>52</sup> kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair—a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed in him.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by

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which scarce ever unanimously agreed in any other particular—and notwithstanding the unhappy warmth of our political divisions, each party endeavoured to outvie the other in paying a due reverence to his memory.”—Thomas Birch,  
M.A. F.R.S.

<sup>50</sup> George Lyttelton, Esq., eldest son of sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart.—He was appointed a lord of the treasury in 1744, and succeeded to the title and estates of his father in 1751; but was not created a peer till 1757. A memoir of this accomplished and amiable man, with an exposure of the sarcastic narrative of Johnson, is a desideratum. He died at Hagley Park in 1773.—Lyttelton *the friend*, and his beloved Lucy, are choiceily enshrined in *The Seasons*.

<sup>51</sup> Immediately? I date his return to England in 1731. His patron could not have made him his secretary of briefs before the 29th of November 1733.

<sup>52</sup> The successor of lord Talbot was lord Hardwicke. He was a lover of literature; and might have divested himself, on such an occasion, of the habitual pride with which he has been taxed—but I cannot excuse the poet.

this reverse of fortune.<sup>53</sup> He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living ; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable : his tragedy of *Agamemnon*<sup>54</sup>, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum ; Mr. Millar<sup>55</sup> was always at hand, to answer, or even to prevent his demands ; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired — who would of themselves interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his royal highness FREDERIC<sup>56</sup> prince

<sup>53</sup> This *reverse of fortune* seems rather to have increased his literary activity. I must add to the publications of 1738 :

“Areopagitica : a speech of Mr. John Milton, for the liberty of unlicens’d printing, to the parliament of England. First published in the year 1644. With a preface, by another hand. London : printed for A. Millar, 1738.” 8vo. The preface, of six pages, was written by Thomson.—*Ms. note of Thomas Hollis, Esq.*

“The works of Mr. Thomson. In two volumes. London : printed for A. Millar, 1738.” 8vo. Vignettes, plate to each *season*, and monument of Newton.—This is the first collective edition of the works of Thomson, with alterations and additions.

<sup>54</sup> “Agamemnon. A tragedy. Acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, by his majesty’s servants. By Mr. Thomson. London : printed for A. Millar, 1738.” 8vo.—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to the princess of Wales. The prologue was contributed by Mallet. Thomson, in return, contributed a prologue to *Mustapha*. This tragedy was first acted on the 6th of April, 1738. Agamemnon was personated by Mr. Quin ; Clytemnestra, by Mrs. Porter.

<sup>55</sup> Andrew Millar, Esq., the very eminent publisher. He purchased the copyright of *The Seasons* in 1729, and the parties soon became friends. The important case of *Millar v. Taylor*, on the property of the poem, occupied more than two years. Mr. Millar died, before it was decided, in 1768.

<sup>56</sup> The quarrel between George II. and the prince of Wales broke out in 1737. It was not a political quarrel ; but arose, says the noble author of *Walpoliana*, “solely out of the interior of the palace.” It soon, however, bore a political character ; the opposition acquired strength ; sir Robert Walpole resigned in 1742 ; and the patrons of Thomson obtained office.

of Wales ; who upon the recommendation of lord Lyttelton<sup>57</sup>, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. And afterwards, when he was introduced to his royal highness, that excellent prince, who truly was what Mr. Thomson paints him, *the friend of mankind and of merit*, received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence.<sup>58</sup> A circumstance which does equal honour to the patron and the poet ought not here to be omitted ; that my lord Lyttelton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.<sup>59</sup>

It happened, however, that the favour of his royal highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our author ; in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*<sup>60</sup>, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence ; but the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades,

<sup>57</sup> Mr. Lyttelton was appointed secretary to the prince, on the resignation of Mr. James Pelham, the 16th of August 1737. He neither solicited nor expected the office. Thomson had made himself known to the prince by the dedication of *Liberty*, towards the close of 1734.

<sup>58</sup> Johnson has preserved a curious anecdote of this interview. The prince questioned the unfortunate poet as to the state of his affairs. He replied "that they were in a more *poetical* posture than formerly." There was tact in this reply : no one likes a querulous applicant.—The allowance was 100*l.* per annum.

<sup>59</sup> Six years may have elapsed before the intercourse commenced. Thomson received his first invitation to Hagley in July 1743. Lyttelton introduced him to Shenstone, who describes him as a *right friendly bard*, in 1746. He was a frequent visitor at Hagley, and always welcome at the Leasowes.

<sup>60</sup> " *Edward and Eleonora*. A tragedy. As it was to have been acted at the theatre-royal in Covent-garden. By Mr. Thomson. London : printed for the author ; and sold by A. Millar, 1739." 8vo. — Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to the princess of Wales. The prologue and epilogue are anonymous contributions. " ADVERTISEMENT. The representation of this tragedy, on the stage, was prohibited in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine."

which had lately produced the stage-act<sup>61</sup>, and as little satisfied with some parts of the prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous.<sup>62</sup> Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his deputy and then his successor in the general-surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse; and had taken for his subject, the story of Arminius the German hero. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen *Edward and Eleonora*, than he cried out, "Away with it!" and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was the masque of

<sup>61</sup> The act of the 10th of George II. cap. 28.—This act received the royal assent on the 21st of June, 1737. It requires that a copy of every new interlude, tragedy, comedy, etc., should be sent to the lord-chamberlain fourteen days before the acting thereof; and authorises the lord-chamberlain to prohibit the acting, performing, or representing, *any* interlude, tragedy, comedy, etc.—His majesty, in closing the session, bitterly complained of the *licentiousness of the times*. Perhaps the authority which this act confers might have been more temperately and impartially exercised. *Mustapha*, which is not devoid of political allusions, was allowed to be acted—for Mallet had numerous friends. *Gustavus Vasa* and *Edward and Eleonora* were prohibited. Millar and Dodsley, the two most eminent publishers of the time, advertised in the same month *prohibited plays!*

<sup>62</sup> The anecdote, *as it is related*, wants authenticity. The licenser could not venture to exercise his authority before he read the play. The final remark is very inapposite. *Arminius*, dedicated to the duke of Cumberland, was *printed for the author*, and advertised *price five shillings!*

*Alfred*<sup>63</sup>; written, jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his royal highness's court, at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet: but the edition we give is from the original<sup>64</sup>, as it was acted at Cliefden, in the year 1740, on the birthday of her royal highness the princess Augusta.<sup>65</sup>

<sup>63</sup> "Alfred: a masque. Represented before their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Wales, at Cliefden, on the first of *August*, 1740. London: printed for A. Millar, 1740." 8vo.—This masque is anonymous, but was advertised as the production of Thomson and Mallet. It contains the undying *Rule Britannia*—which I ascribe, on no slight evidence, to Mallet. The piece was twice acted at Cliefden. Alfred was personated by Mr. Milward; the hermit, by Mr. Quin; Emma, by Mrs. Clive.

<sup>64</sup> This refers to an edition of the works of Thomson published in 1762, and hereafter described. *Alfred* seems to have been acted in commemoration of the accession of the house of Hanover: the princess was born on the *31st of July*.

<sup>65</sup> Murdoch omits to notice the employments of Thomson after the completion of *Alfred* in 1740; but he was never better employed. He was revising *The Seasons*—on whose origin and progress I shall now state some additional facts.

As early as 1720 he felt the attractions of the theme—witness some lines, an epitome of the mysterious cycle, in his poem *Of a country life*:

"Through every *Season* of the sliding year,  
Unto the ravish'd sight new scenes appear.  
In the sweet *Spring*," etc.

He was eminently fitted to the bold design, but chance may have led him to decide on its execution.—"Nature," said he, "delights me in every form:" such were his feelings while occupied in writing his *Winter*; and he added, in the confidence of friendship, a "poem on winter first put the design into my head." The poem seems to have perished; but the late Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh, who attained his ninetieth year, had heard part of it recited by the author—the Rev. Robert Riccaltoun. The above facts chiefly apply to *Winter*; we have other evidence on the origin of *The Seasons*. Thomson informed Collins that he took the first hint and idea of writing his *Seasons* from the titles to the four *Pastorals* of Pope. The *Pastorals*, which were published in 1709, are entitled Spring—Summer—Autumn—Winter; and in a preface thereto, published with his

In the year 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was performed with applause; and from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continues to draw crowded

*Works* in 1717, the author remarks that "the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season."

There is a remarkable resemblance between the two writers in *Winter*; and it adds to the testimony of Collins, as reported by Dr. Warton:

"'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay." POPE.

"'Tis done!—Dread Winter has subdu'd the year." THOMSON.

In the first edition of *Winter*, Thomson also sang of *fair Autumn*. In the second edition he earnestly pleaded in favour of descriptive poetry, and thus intimated his entire design: "How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter!" This design was completed, as Murdoch observes, in 1730; but he should have added that a revised edition of the *Seasons* appeared in 1738; another edition, with considerable additions and improvements, in 1744; and another edition, with the final revision of the author, in 1746.

The number of lines contained in the poem, at the above-mentioned epochs, shall now be stated in a tabular form. The italic figures denote the first editions.

	A. D.	1726	1727	1728	1730	1738	1744	1746
SPRING . . .				1062	1087	1087	1173	1176
SUMMER . . .			1146		1206	1206	1796	1805
AUTUMN . . .					1269	1269	1375	1373
WINTER . . .		405			781	787	1069	1069
HYMN . . .					421	121	118	118
Total					4464	4470	5531	5541

It thus appears that Thomson paid no serious attention to the poem in the interval 1730-8. He afterwards undertook to correct it; made *considerable additions*; and inscribed it to the prince of Wales in 1744. He also re-edited the poem, with further additions, in 1746. The volumes are entitled:

"The Seasons. By James Thomson. London: printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1744." Sm. 8vo. pp. 4 + 242. Vignette, and plate to each *season*.

houses.<sup>66</sup> The success of this piece was indeed insured from the first by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber their appearing in the principal characters; which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finishing his *Castle of indolence*<sup>67</sup>, in two cantos. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his

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"The Seasons. By James Thomson. London: printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1746." 12mo. pp. 4 + 236. Vignette, and plate to each season.

The edition of 1744 was improved by the suggestions of Pope; and the interleaved volume which received his emendations has become the property of the Rev. John Mitford—who, with the true feelings of a critic and a poet, values it as the *ruby in the royal crown*. The edition of 1746, as it exhibits the final revision of the author, must ever be considered as the standard impression; except in orthography and punctuation. A circumstance elsewhere recorded by Murdoch, gives it an additional importance. He reminds Mr. Millar that Thomson published his own editions with *much deliberation and care*.

I shall not attempt to enumerate the subsequent editions of *The Seasons*. The most splendid are those printed—at Glasgow, for Andrew Foulis, 1783. Folio.—at Parma, by Bodoni, 1794. 4to.—and at London, by T. Bensley, 1797. Folio.—all defective as to the text. The most popular edition is that of the late Dr. Aikin. It has a preliminary essay on the plan of the poem, remarkable for its judicious criticism and classical terseness of style.

<sup>66</sup> "Tancred and Sigismunda. A tragedy. As it is acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, by his majesty's servants. By James Thomson. London: printed for A. Millar, 1745." 8vo.—Dedicated, in the epistolary form, to the prince of Wales. This tragedy, much shortened, was first acted on the 18th of March, 1745.

<sup>67</sup> "The castle of indolence: an allegorical poem. Written in imitation of Spenser. By James Thomson. London: printed for A. Millar, 1748." 4to. Second edition, 1748. 8vo.—The *Castle of indolence* has no dedication. The poem is divided into two cantos, comprising one hundred and fifty-eight stanzas; four of which, afterwards revised, were contributed by Armstrong. It was near fifteen years in hand.—Thomson was an ardent admirer of the *gentle Spenser*; and has left us, in this noble specimen of art, the combined result of his earliest inspiration, and his mature taste. It is, as I have elsewhere observed, *one of the most impressive and exquisite pieces within the circle of true poetry*.

friends, who would reproach him with indolence ; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

The stanza which he uses in this work is that of Spenser, borrowed from the Italian poets, in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful ; the compass of the stanza admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds, while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated, as must often happen when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets—the usual measure indeed of our elegy and satire, but which always weakens the higher poetry, and to a true ear will sometimes give it an air of the burlesque.<sup>68</sup>

This was the last piece Mr. Thomson himself published ; his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horseman, and more so in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually

<sup>68</sup> We have had no account of the minor poems of Thomson.—The *Edinburgh miscellany*, 1720. sm. 8vo. contains three pieces which are ascribed to him—I believe correctly, viz. 1. *Of a country life*; 2. *Upon happiness*; 3. *Verses on receiving a flower from his mistress*. In a volume entitled *Miscellaneous poems by several hands*, London, 1729. 12mo. he is particularly named as a contributor. In this collection, which was edited by Mr. Ralph, the pieces are anonymous; but I observe, 1. *A paraphrase on the latter part of the 6th chap. of St. Matthew*; 2. *The incomparable soporific doctor*; 3. *The happy man*; 4. *Hymn on solitude*. These poems were undoubtedly written by Thomson; and they were reprinted, perhaps for private circulation, uniformly with *The Seasons*, 1730. 4to. In the *Works* of Thomson, as edited in 1750 and 1762, the minor pieces are fourteen in number; but we miss *The soporific doctor* and *The happy man*. The most ample collection is contained in the Aldine edition of the *Poetical works of James Thomson*, 1830. 2 vols.

passing; so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London and Richmond<sup>69</sup>, with any acquaintance that offered, with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer-evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammersmith, he had overheated himself, and in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of Kew-lane, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last, Mr. Mitchell<sup>70</sup> and Mr. Reid<sup>71</sup>, with

<sup>69</sup> He had resided at Richmond six years or more. His earliest letter from Kew-lane is dated in November 1742; and his encomium on *delightful Sheen*, with its *boundless landscape*, appeared in 1744. His attachment to the spot increased, and he wrote thus to Mr. Paterson only four months before his decease: "You must know that I have enlarged my *rural domain*."

<sup>70</sup> Andrew Mitchell of Thainston, Aberdeenshire, Esq.—He was patronised by the celebrated duke of Argyle, and had the entire confidence of the lord-president Forbes. In 1742 the marquess of Tweeddale made him his under-secretary of state. In 1747 he obtained a seat in parliament. Thomson wrote to his friend Paterson on that occasion: "Mitchell is in the house for Aberdeenshire, and has spoken modestly well: I hope he will be in something else soon. None deserves better: *true friendship and humanity dwell in his heart*." In 1756 he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the king of Prussia; and was an eye-witness of the battle of Prague. In 1765 he was invested with the order of the bath. He died at Berlin in 1771.

<sup>71</sup> Andrew Reid, Esq.—"A man," says Johnson, "not unacquainted with

Dr. Armstrong<sup>72</sup>, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance—but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of August 1748.<sup>73</sup>

His testamentary executors<sup>74</sup> were the lord Lyttelton, whose

letters or with life." He wrote on chronology and on logarithms. He also edited, for lord Lyttelton, the *History of Henry II.*—Murdoch was one of his friends, and addressed to him a paper on parallax. He died after 1768.

<sup>72</sup> John Armstrong, M.D.—the author of *The art of preserving health*. He was a native of Roxburghshire—the son of a minister—educated at Edinburgh—a writer of blank verse—and had just finished a poem on winter when the *Winter of Thomson* appeared! These are curious coincidences. On other points, the contrast was not less striking—nevertheless, Armstrong and Thomson were intimate friends. Armstrong survived, in despite of his morbid aversion to life, till 1779.

<sup>73</sup> The interesting letter which follows is preserved in the *Culloden papers*:  
" My dear P. [Patrick.] Richmond, in Surry, Saturday, 27 August.

" Our dear friend Thomson died this morning about four o'clock, after a very short illness. His distemper appeared first in the shape of a tertian; but soon ended in a continued fever. I am here to see the last duties fairly paid. I am almost sunk w<sup>t</sup> this last stroke. Your's affect'

" To the Rev. Mr. Murdoch. A. M." [ANDREW MITCHELL.]

Dr. Armstrong and Mr. James Robertson attended Thomson in their medical capacities, and as friends. They were with him till the last moment. His constitution, says Armstrong, was much worn. No other particulars of importance are recorded.—He was followed to the grave by Mr. Quin, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Robertson, etc., on the evening of the 29th of August:

" Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer-wreaths is drest,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!"

<sup>74</sup> Thomson died intestate, as appears by this official document:

" Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.—October 1748. James Thompson [sic]. On the twenty fifth day admōn of all and singular the goods chattles and credits of James Thompson late of Richmond in the county of Surry batchelor deceased was granted to the Hon<sup>b</sup> George Lyttleton [sic] Esq<sup>r</sup>. and Andrew Mitchell Esq<sup>r</sup>. the lawfull attorneys of Mary Craig

care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life, and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus*<sup>75</sup> was brought on the stage to the best advantage; from the profits of which, and the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted to his sisters. My lord Lyttelton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been written<sup>76</sup>: the best spoken it certainly was. The sympathising audience saw that *then*, indeed, Mr. Quin was *no actor*; that the tears he shed, were those of real friendship and grief.<sup>77</sup>

formerly Thompson (wife of William Craig) the ſiral and lawfull ſister and next of kin of the ſaid deceased for the use and benefit of the ſaid Mary Craig now reſiding at Edinburgh being first ſworn duly to administer.

CHA<sup>T</sup>. DYNELEY } Deputy  
JOHN IGGULDEN } Registers."  
W. F. GOSTLING }

Thomſon, it appears, died a bachelor. His *uncertain circumstances* forbade him to marry. He had two ſurviving ſisters. Jean, the wife of Mr. Robert Thomſon, died in 1781; and Mary, above deſcribed, died in 1790. His house was well provided with furniture, plate, books, and prints; and his cellar was ſtored with choice wines and Scotch ale. I can give no account of the *manuſcripts*. The house, or rather its ſite, has been ſuccesſively the property of George Ross, Esq., who died in 1786; the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mrs. Boscawen, who died in 1805; lord Falmouth, who ſold it forthwith; and the earl of Shaftesbury.

<sup>75</sup> "Coriolanus. A tragedy. As it is acted at the theatre-royal in Covent-garden. By the late James Thomſon. London: printed for A. Millar, 1749." 8vo.—This tragedy, revised by Lyttelton, was first acted on the 13th of January, 1749. Coriolanus was personated by Mr. Quin; Veturia, by Mrs. Woffington.

<sup>76</sup> M. le baron de Barante, whose memoir of Thomſon contains much judicious criticism and pleasing reflection, observes of the poetical address composed on this occation by Lyttelton: "ce ſont peut-être les plus beaux vers qu'il ait faits: ils ſont remplis du ſentiment le plus vrai et le plus touchant."

<sup>77</sup> Mr. Quin, as the personal friend of Thomſon, ſpoke the prologue *in mourn-*

Mr. Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription<sup>78</sup>; nor did his brother-poets at all exert themselves on the occasion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime.<sup>79</sup> This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. Collins, who had lived some time at Richmond, but forsook it when Mr. Thomson died, wrote an *Ode* to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.<sup>80</sup>

Our author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising—his make being rather robust than graceful<sup>81</sup>; though it is known that in his youth he had been

ing. In the delivery of the following paragraph, he is said to have produced an extraordinary effect :

“ He lov'd his friends—forgive this gushing tear :  
Alas ! I feel I am *no actor* here—  
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,  
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,  
Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal,  
No words can speak it—but our tears may tell.”

<sup>78</sup> A brass tablet, with an inscription by the earl of Buchan, was placed over the spot in 1792. Mr. Park superintended its execution.

<sup>79</sup> An obvious allusion to Pope. Dr. Warton, however, observes that the death of Pope “ was not lamented by any of his contemporary poets, till Mr. Mason made amends by his *Museus* ”—which was not published till 1747.

<sup>80</sup> The *Ode* is now reprinted from the only authoritative edition, London, R. Manby and H. S. Cox, 1749. Folio. I have been indebted for the use of this rare piece to the friendly communication of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. The dedication was omitted by Langhorne and others.—I must add that Shiels also published a poem to the memory of Thomson. It is entitled *Musidores*.

<sup>81</sup> He describes himself, in the *Castle of indolence*, as “ more fat than bard beseeems.” I shall repeat the entire stanza; as it exhibits, says Shiels, a just

thought handsome.<sup>82</sup> His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood ; but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company ; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure—but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half-expressed, what he was about to say ; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry : a sonnet, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well, or

*image* of Thomson. He wrote only the first line ; the remainder being the contribution of a friend—perhaps Lyttelton :

“ A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;  
Who void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,  
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain,  
The world forsaking with a calm disdain :  
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat,  
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train ;  
Oft moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet  
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.”

<sup>82</sup> The portrait of Thomson by Aikman, now at Hagley, confirms this opinion. It has been engraved. Another portrait, painted by J. Paton in 1746, has been engraved by S. F. Ravenet. I have an impression with this inedited note : “ Mr. Robertson of Richmond Green, who was acquainted with Thomson for more than twenty years, and attended him in his last moments, assured me that this portrait was a *very strong likeness*. — T. Park, 1791.”

even improve them in the reading ; but a passage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakspere, would sometimes quite oppress him, [so] that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.<sup>83</sup>

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern, but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own — what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart ; so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the *merit* or *demerit* of *imitators*. What he borrows from the ancients<sup>84</sup>, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation ; as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the elder, where the course and gradual increase of the Nile are figured by the stages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition<sup>85</sup>, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies ; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.<sup>86</sup>

<sup>83</sup> Johnson relates that Mr. Dodington was once "so much provoked by his odd utterance, that he snatched the paper from his hand, and told him that he did not understand his own verses." Mr. Dodington, however, was one of his earliest and most generous friends. He was created baron Melcombe in 1761, and died in 1762.

<sup>84</sup> On his *classical* proficiency, we have this testimony of Dr. Warton : "Thomson was well acquainted with the Greek tragedies, on which I heard him talk learnedly, when I was once introduced to him by my friend Mr. W. Collins."

<sup>85</sup> Thomson confirms this statement both in prose and in verse. In a letter to Lyttelton he says, "I think that season of the year the most pleasing, and the most *poetical*." He expresses the same sentiment in *Autumn*, and in the *Hymn*.

<sup>86</sup> Mr. Park, in his conversation with Mr. Robertson on the habits of Thomson, said—"I hear he kept very late hours?" The reply was—"No, sir—very early. He was always up at sunrise—but then he had never been in bed." We may therefore credit the assertion of Cave, that *noon* was his hour of rising.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure; and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes, as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the ancient, or with those of Italy—wishing sometimes that a chorus, at least, and a better recitative, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions, in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes—at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superiour is a natural taste of the grand and beautiful, to the traditional lessons of a common virtuoso. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend Mr. Gray of Richmond Hill.<sup>87</sup>

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen

<sup>87</sup> The Mr. Gray who is mentioned in a previous paragraph; *there* designated as of marischal college, Aberdeen—*here*, to the quondam embarrassment of a certain annotator, as of Richmond Hill!

of any biographer.<sup>88</sup> There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it must have been towards his own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time; and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides.<sup>89</sup> He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might; by interrupting any personal story that was

<sup>88</sup> Both Johnson and Boswell had, at one period, an unfavourable opinion of the moral character of Thomson. Boswell, however, recanted; and wrote thus to Johnson in 1778: "He was of a humane and benevolent disposition; not only sent valuable presents to his sisters, but a yearly allowance in money, and was always wishing to have it in his power to do them more good."

I have now to encounter Johnson and Savage. — Johnson, relying on the statements of Savage, hints that the poet and the man were very dissimilar beings: the former—a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent; the latter—insensible to passion, never in cold water, and extremely luxurious. Now I affirm, as to the first accusation, that Thomson was *desperately in love* with the Amanda whom he celebrates in verse; the second accusation is beneath discussion; but as to the third, I am prepared to admit that he yielded more frequently to the allurements of festive pleasure than might become a true votary of *serene philosophy*. It was one of the prominent vices of the times.

<sup>89</sup> Thomson did not always escape criticism. On the appearance of *Liberty*, Mr. Hawkins Browne published his *Pipe of tobacco*—the most ingenious specimen of imitative verse anterior to the *Rejected addresses*. One of the imitations commences thus:

"O thou, matur'd by *glad Hesperian* suns,  
TOBACCO, fountain pure of *limpid truth*,  
*That looks the very soul*;" etc.

The phrases printed in italics are from the commencement of *Liberty*. This was more than the poet could endure: he replied with extreme asperity!

brought him, with some jest, or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty; then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory<sup>90</sup>; the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection<sup>91</sup>; the applause of the public attended every appearance he made—the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies.<sup>92</sup> At present,

<sup>90</sup> This observation might have been correct in 1762. I could illustrate it by various extracts of letters—but one may suffice:—“We have lost, my dear F. [Forbes], our old, tryed, amiable, open, and honest-hearted Thomson, whom we never parted from but unwillingly; and never met, but with fresh transport; whom we found ever the same delightful companion, the same faithful depository of our inmost thoughts, and the same sensible sympathising adviser.”

<sup>91</sup> Thomson was an occasional visitor at Cliefden-house; but the friendship of the lord-chancellor Talbot, of the lord-president Forbes, and of Lyttelton, more decidedly proves the estimation in which he was held.—I must add to the number of his intimate friends, in the order of survivorship, Hammond the poet—ob. 1742; Gilbert West the poet—ob. 1756; Robert Symmer, Esq. afterwards F.R.S.—ob. 1763; Young the poet—ob. 1765; John Forbes, Esq. son of the lord-president—ob. 1772; George Lewis Scott, Esq. F.R.S.—ob. 1780; and George Ross, Esq. the army agent, afterwards M.P.—ob. 1786.—Mr. Robertson, who resided some years at Richmond, and married the sister of Amanda, was the last survivor. He died in 1791.

<sup>92</sup> Mrs. Oldfield was a subscriber to *The Seasons*, 1730.—but died in the same year. Mr. Quin was a sincere friend to Thomson; and is said to have relieved him in a moment of pecuniary embarrassment.—The names of the actors of the principal parts in his dramatic pieces are given in notes 40, 54, 60, 63, 66, and 75.

indeed, if we except *Tancred*, they are seldom called for; the simplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not suiting the reigning taste, nor the impatience of an English theatre.<sup>93</sup> They may hereafter come to be in vogue; but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. Thomson's works<sup>94</sup>, neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated.<sup>95</sup> We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner, which have been following him close from the very first publication of *Winter*, he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable æra of the English poetry.

<sup>93</sup> The tragic qualifications of Thomson seem to be fairly appreciated by bishop Rundle. He commends him for "a profusion of worthy sentiments, and high poetry;" but observes that he "wants that neatness and simplicity of diction which is so natural in dialogue."

<sup>94</sup> As the biographer modestly declines the task of characterising the works of Thomson, I shall call in the assistance of another of his friends—lord Lyttelton. The extract which follows, though given in the imaginative form of a *dialogue in Elysium*, between Boileau and Pope, is believed to exhibit his own sentiments.

"BOILEAU. Who is the poet that arrived soon after you in Elysium, whom I saw Spenser lead in and present to Virgil, as the author of a poem resembling the *Georgics*? On his head was a garland of the several kinds of flowers that blow in each season, with evergreens intermixed.—POPE. Your description points out Thomson. He painted nature exactly, and with great strength of pencil. His imagination was rich, extensive, and sublime: his diction bold and glowing, but sometimes obscure and affected. Nor did he always know when to stop, or what to reject.—BOILEAU. I should suppose that he wrote tragedies upon the Greek model: for he is often admitted into the grove of Euripides.—POPE. He enjoys that distinction both as a tragedian and as a moralist. For, not only in his plays, but all his other works, there is the purest morality, animated by piety, and rendered more touching by the fine and delicate sentiments of a most tender and benevolent heart."

<sup>95</sup> Herr F. Schlegel admits that Thomson is the prototype of continental descriptive poets. M<sup>me</sup> Bontems much extended his fame by her prose translation of 1759. The other translations are enumerated by Ebert and Quérard.

xlii LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MR. JAMES THOMSON.

[We cannot conclude without doing justice to Mr. Millar, who has spared no pains or expense to render this edition both beautiful and correct ; and generously dedicates what profits may arise from it, to a funeral monument of his favourite author and much-loved friend.<sup>96</sup>]

<sup>96</sup> This paragraph was written in 1762, and refers to an edition of the works of Thomson *then* published. It was therefore omitted in the edition of 1768 ; but I now restore it as a memorial of the generosity of Mr. Millar, and of his attachment to the author of *The Seasons*. The volumes are entitled :

"The works of James Thomson, with his last corrections and improvements. To which is prefixed, an account of his life and writings. In two volumes. London : printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1762." 4to. Vol. I. Portrait after Aikman, and eight plates. Vol. II. Portrait after Paton, and six plates.

This edition was published by subscription. It is dedicated to George III. by *Patrick Murdoch*; and contains the first impression of the memoir now adopted. His majesty subscribed *one hundred pounds*. The number of copies subscribed for was about three hundred and fifty.—The volumes are handsomely printed ; but it appears, on collation, that six lines are omitted in *The Seasons*, and two stanzas in the *Castle of indolence*. It also appears, by the letter before cited, that the editor had made certain minor alterations in *The Seasons*.

The monument to which Mr. Millar dedicated the profits arising from the above-mentioned edition was designed by Robert Adam, and executed by M. H. Spang. It is placed in the south transept of Westminster abbey. The inscription is :

JAMES THOMSON.

ÆTATIS 48. OBIT 27 AUGUST 1748.

TUTOR'D by thee, sweet POETRY exalts  
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die !

O D E  
ON  
THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.  
BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

TO  
GEORGE LYTTELTON, ESQ.

This Ode  
IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.—*The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.*

I.

In yonder grave a druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise  
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

II.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp\* shall now be laid,  
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds  
May love through life the soothing shade.

\* The harp of *Æolus*, of which see a description in the *Castle of indolence*. [w. c.]

## III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

## IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer-wreaths is drest,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

## V.

And oft as ease and health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,\*  
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

## VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,  
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?  
Or tears, which love and pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

## VII.

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye  
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?  
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,  
And joy desert the blooming year.

\* Richmond church. [w. c.]

## VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,  
Now waft me from the green hill's side  
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

## IX.

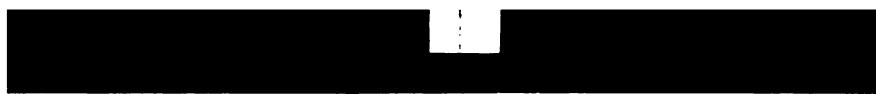
And see—the fairy valleys fade,  
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !  
Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

## X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;  
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,  
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

## XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes ;  
O vales, and wild woods ! shall he say,  
In yonder grave your druid lies !



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	PAGE.	ARTIST.	ENGRAVERS.
1.	Engraved title-page	-	Bell	Vizetelly.
2.	Argument, SPRING	-	3. Rauch	R. E. Branston.
3.	Spring	-	5. Bell	T. Thompson.
4.	Agriculture and Commerce	-	9. Stonhouse	R. E. Branston.
5.	Deer	-	11. Tayler	Jackson.
6.	" Blazing straw," &c.	-	13. Ditto	J. Thompson.
7.	" The stealing shower"	-	15. Horsley	Green.
8.	The Golden Age	-	19. Redgrave	R. E. Branston.
9.	Fly-fishing	-	27. Tayler	Green.
10.	" Rosy-footed May"	-	31. Cope	O. Smith.
11.	" The bowery walk"	-	33. Creswick	Ditto.
12.	" Pendent o'er the plaintive stream"	-	39. Ditto	Vizetelly.
13.	" A gentle pair"	-	41. Redgrave	Jackson.
14.	" The rural seat"	-	46. Creswick	Vizetelly.
15.	The " steed"	-	48. Tayler	Ditto.
16.	Hagley Park	-	53. Ditto	Ditto.
17.	The Lover	-	60. Horsley	Jackson.
18.	" To teach the young idea"	-	65. Webster & Redgrave	Vizetelly.
19.	Tail-piece to Spring	-	67. Cope	O. Smith.
20.	Argument, SUMMER	-	69. Rauch	R. E. Branston.
21.	Summer	-	71. Bell	Green.
22.	" The soon-clad shepherd"	-	74. Tayler	Vizetelly.
23.	The " pointed promontory's top"	-	80. Creswick	T. Williams.
24.	" The calm village"	-	83. Ditto	A. Thompson.
25.	The " drowsy shepherd"	-	86. Ditto	J. Thompson.
26.	Haymaking	-	90. Cope	O. Smith.
27.	Sheep-washing	-	93. Tayler	Vizetelly.
28.	" Rural confusion!"	-	97. Ditto	{ R. E. Branston and Green.
29.	" Angelic harps"	-	100. Redgrave	O. Smith.
30.	" An ample chair moss-lin'd"	-	101. Creswick	J. Williamson.
31.	Nile and Nilometer	-	113. Bell	{ Landells and Bagg.
32.	Mother and Infant	-	119. Stonhouse	T. Williams.
33.	Pestilence	-	126. Bell	Jackson.
34.	" The blasted cattle"	-	130. Creswick	Bastin.
35.	Celadon and Amelia	-	132. Cope	J. Thompson.

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	PAGE.	ARTISTS.	ENGRavers.
36.	Musidora	-	Horsley	J. Thompson.
37.	Richmond	-	Creswick	Jos. Williams.
38.	The "hurned sailor"	-	Townsend	Landells.
39.	Amphitrite	-	Bell	T. Williams.
40.	"The ruddy milkmaid"	-	Redgrave	A. Thompson.
41.	"Effulgence tremulous"	-	Ditto	Vizetelly.
42.	"Ply the tough oar"	-	Ditto	Green.
43.	Argument, AUTUMN	-	Rauch	R. E. Branston.
44.	Autumn	-	Bell	F. Branston.
45.	The "tusky boar"	-	Townsend	Landells.
46.	The Thames	-	Stonhouse	Vizetelly.
47.	"Each by the lass he loves"	-	Townsend	T. Thompson.
48.	Lavinia	-	Stone	Green.
49.	Shooting	-	Taylor	Bastin.
50.	Hare-hunting	-	Ditto	T. Williams.
51.	Stag hunt	-	Ditto	Green.
52.	"The strong table groans"	-	Cope	Vizetelly.
53.	"The mazy dance"	-	Horsley	J. Thompson.
54.	Nutting	-	Cope	Green.
55.	Vineyard	-	Ditto	T. Williams.
56.	"Gathers his ovamous food"	-	Redgrave	Ditto.
57.	The Woodman	-	Creswick	R. E. Branston.
58.	"The moon full-orb'd"	-	Ditto	Thompson.
59.	"The fantastic blaze"	-	Taylor	Vizetelly.
60.	"The cudgel rattles"	-	Cope	Green.
61.	"Prattling children"	-	Redgrave	Ditto.
62.	Argument, WINTER	-	Rauch	R. E. Branston.
63.	Winter	-	Bell	Jos. Williams.
64.	"The cottage-hind"	-	Townsend	Vizetelly.
65.	"The soaring horn"	-	Taylor	Ditto.
66.	"Down he sinks beneath the shape-} less drift"	-	Ditto	T. Thompson.
67.	"Ruddy fire and beaming tapers join"	266.	Knight	Vizetelly.
68.	The epic poets	-	Bell	R. E. Branston.
69.	The ghost-story	-	Horsley	J. Thompson.
70.	"The village dog"	-	Taylor	Jos. Williams.
71.	Skating	-	Stonhouse	Thompson.
72.	Rein-deer	-	Taylor	Landells.
73.	"See here thy pictur'd life"	-	Cope	Green.
74.	Luxury and Poverty	-	Redgrave	Jos. Williams.
75.	"The storms of wintry time"	-	Creswick	O. Smith.
76.	HYMN	-	Horsley	A. Thompson.
77.	"Silence"	-	Ditto	Thompson.

THE  
SEASONS.  
BY  
JAMES THOMSON.

FROM  
THE REVISED EDITION OF 1746.\*

\* " *The Seasons.* By James Thomson. London : printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1746." 12mo.

DEDICATION. " To His Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales, this poem, corrected and made less unworthy of his protection, is, with the utmost gratitude and veneration, inscribed, by His Royal Highness's most obedient and most devoted servant,  
JAMES THOMSON."

ADVERTISEMENT. " This poem having been published several years ago, and considerable additions made to it lately, some little anachronisms have thence arisen, which it is hoped the reader will excuse."



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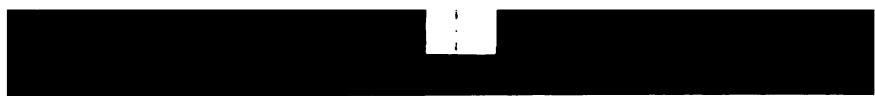
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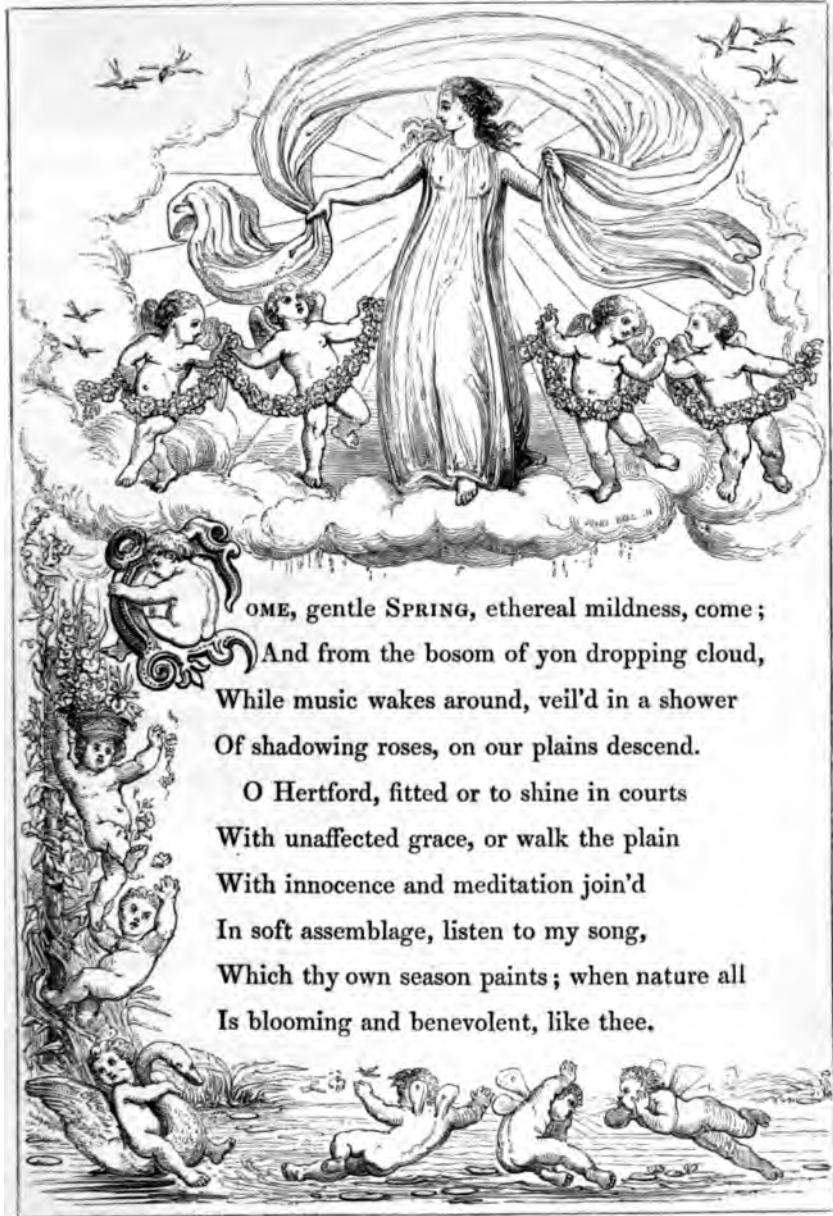
# SPRING

## THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.







COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness, come ;  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own season paints ; when nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleet 20  
Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulf'd  
To shake the sounding marsh ; or, from the shore  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,  
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more  
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;  
But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. . . . 31  
Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfin'd,

Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives  
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers  
Drives from their stalls to where the well-us'd plough  
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.      40  
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share  
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,  
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.  
White, through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks  
With measur'd step; and, liberal, throws the grain  
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:  
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.  
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man  
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!  
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!      50  
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live  
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:

Such themes as these the rural Maro sung  
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height  
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.  
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
The kings and awful fathers of mankind ;  
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes     60  
Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
Of mighty war, then with victorious hand,  
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
The plough, and greatly independent scorn'd  
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough !  
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales  
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
Luxuriant and unbounded ! As the sea,         70  
Far through his azure turbulent domain,  
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,  
So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,

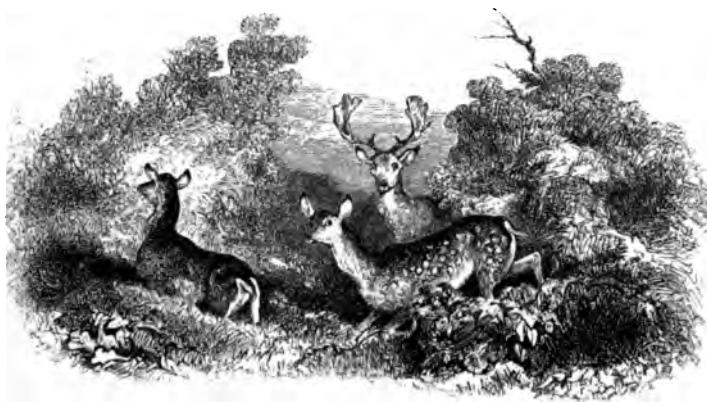


And be the exhaustless granary of a world !

Nor only through the lenient air this change,  
Delicious, breathes : the penetrative sun,  
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power  
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,  
In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay green !  
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !  
United light and shade ! where the sight dwells  
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.



From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;  
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves         90  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd  
In all the colours of the flushing year  
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit  
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,         100  
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk ;  
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend  
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,



And see the country, far-diffus'd around,  
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower 110  
Of mingled blossoms: where the raptur'd eye  
Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath  
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale  
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe  
Untimely frost — before whose baleful blast  
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,  
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.

For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,  
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft  
Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,  
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core  
Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft  
The sacred sons of vengeance ! on whose course  
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.  
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff  
And blazing straw before his orchard burns —  
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe  
From every cranny suffocated falls ;

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Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust  
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe ;  
Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest :  
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds  
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,  
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,  
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, 140  
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,  
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The north-east spends his rage, and now shut up  
Within his iron caves—the effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.  
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining ether ; but by fast degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep, 150  
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom :  
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,

Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath  
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffus'd  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse      160  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plumpy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;  
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks      170  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool

Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.  
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,



By such as wander through the forest walks,  
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.      179  
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends

In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap ?  
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth ;  
And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth  
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life ;  
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush      190  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
The illumin'd mountain ; through the forest streams ;  
Shakes on the floods ; and in a yellow mist,  
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,  
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.  
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.  
Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,  
Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks  
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,      200  
The hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,  
In fair proportion running from the red  
To where the violet fades into the sky.  
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds  
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;  
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold                  210  
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd  
From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain :  
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,  
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd  
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,  
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
A soften'd shade ; and saturated earth  
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,  
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
The balmy treasures of the former day.                  221

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power  
Of botanist to number up their tribes :

Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
In silent search ; or through the forest, rank  
With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,  
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung      230  
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,  
The moistening current, and prolific rain.  
But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,  
With vision pure, into these secret stores  
Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man,  
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told  
A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood ;  
A stranger to the savage arts of life,  
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease —      240  
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race  
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see  
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;  
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away,  
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,



Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.  
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole  
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale  
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain  
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
Was known among these happy sons of heaven ;



For reason and benevolence were law.  
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun                   260  
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds  
Dropp'd fatness down ; as, o'er the swelling mead,  
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy ;  
For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,  
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
Applied their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd   270  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.  
But now those white unblemish'd minutes, whence  
The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times,  
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,  
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
Is off the poise within : the passions all

Have burst their bounds ; and reason half-extinct,

Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280

The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,

Convulsive anger storms at large ; or, pale

And silent, settles into fell revenge.

Base envy withers at another's joy,

And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,

Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

Even love itself is bitterness of soul,

A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;

Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290

That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,

Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone

To bless the dearer object of its flame.

Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,

Of life impatient, into madness swells,

Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.

These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,

From ever-changing views of good and ill,

Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind 299

With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling, grows

The partial thought, a listless unconcern,  
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;  
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.  
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
And joyless inhumanity pervades  
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :  
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
With universal burst, into the gulf,  
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth  
Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;  
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,  
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen  
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot  
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,      310  
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,  
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.

Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm  
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms  
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ;  
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms  
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;  
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.                   330

But now, of turbid elements the sport,  
From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,  
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,  
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;  
Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,  
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.

For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd man                   340  
Is now become the lion of the plain,  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce-drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
Nor wore her warming fleece ; nor has the steer,

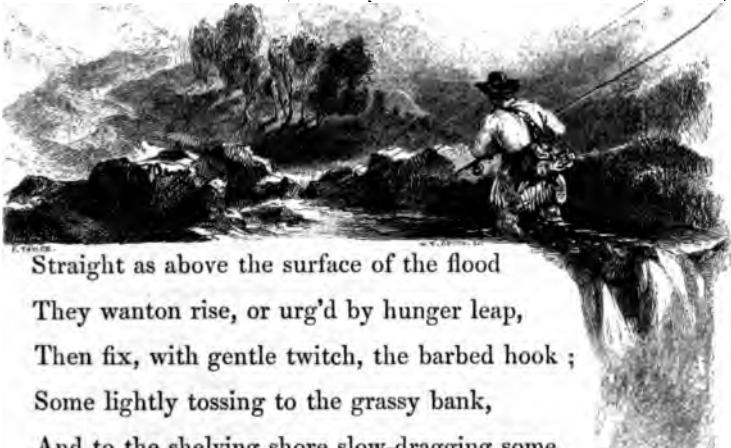
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
With hunger stung and wild necessity ;  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
With every kind emotion in his heart,                   350  
And taught alone to weep — while from her lap  
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain  
Or beams that gave them birth — shall he, fair form !  
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,  
And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,  
Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed ; but you, ye flocks,  
What have you done ? ye peaceful people, what,  
To merit death ? you, who have given us milk           360  
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
Against the Winter's cold ? And the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,  
Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest — shall he bleed,

And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
Even of the clowns he feeds ? and that, perhaps,  
To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,  
Won by his labour ? This the feeling heart       370  
Would tenderly suggest ; but 'tis enough,  
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd  
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.  
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
That must not yet to pure perfection rise :  
Besides, who knows, how rais'd to higher life,  
From stage to stage, the vital scale ascends ?

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away —       380  
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream  
Descends the billowy foam — now is the time,  
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,  
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,  
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.  
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,

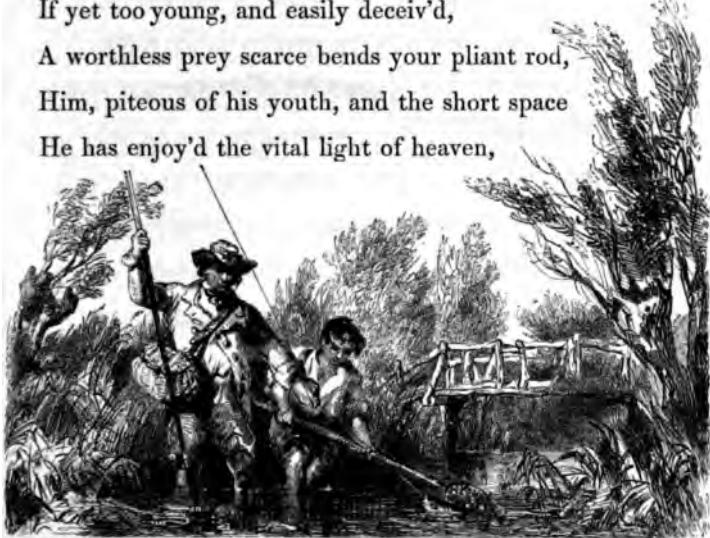
Convulsive, twist in agonising folds ;  
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,         390  
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,  
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When, with his lively ray, the potent sun  
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,  
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;  
Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.  
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;  
The next, pursue their rocky-channell'd maze,         401  
Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
Their little naiads love to sport at large.  
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;  
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.         410



Straight as above the surface of the flood  
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,  
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook ;  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,  
With various hand proportion'd to their force.

If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,  
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,



Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,      430  
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,  
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line ;  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;  
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ;  
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,      440  
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours : but when the sun  
Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds,  
Even shooting listless languor through the deeps,  
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,  
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale  
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
With all the lowly children of the shade ;                  450  
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash  
Hung o'er the steep, whence borne on liquid wing  
The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk  
High in the beetling cliff his eyry builds.  
There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain  
Paints in the matchless harmony of song ;  
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift  
Athwart imagination's vivid eye ;  
Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,                  460  
And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,  
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix  
Ten thousand wandering images of things,  
Soothe every gust of passion into peace—

All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold, yon breathing prospect bids the muse  
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,

Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

470

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows? If fancy, then,  
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words  
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,  
To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,  
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successless, will the toil delight. 480  
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths whose hearts  
Have felt the raptures of refining love;  
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!  
Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!  
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul—



Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart:  
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.



See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,  
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,  
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast 500  
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence  
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,  
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;  
Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,  
Through the soft air the busy nations fly, 510  
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.



At length the finish'd garden to the view  
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk  
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day         520  
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;  
Now meets the bending sky; the river now  
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,  
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
But why so far excursive? when at hand,  
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,

And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace :  
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;      530  
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;  
The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron-brown ;  
And lavish stock that scents the garden round ;  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemonies ; auriculas, enrich'd  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
And full ranunculus', of glowing red.  
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays  
Her idle freaks : from family diffus'd      540  
To family, as flies the father-dust,  
The varied colours run ; and, while they *break*  
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,  
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :  
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin-white,  
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,  
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,

As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still; 550

Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;

Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,

The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Beings! Universal Soul

Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!

To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts,

Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,

Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd. 560

By thee the various vegetative tribes,

Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,

Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.

By thee dispos'd into congenial soils,

Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells

The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.

At thy command the vernal sun awakes

The torpid sap, detruded to the root

By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,

And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads 570

All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world  
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,  
My panting muse ; and hark, how loud the woods  
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour  
The mazy-running soul of melody  
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,  
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
Unknown to fame—the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;  
And try again the long-forgotten strain,  
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,  
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn :  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts

Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length      600  
Of notes; when listening philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;  
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;  
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
Pour'd out profusely, silent: join'd to these  
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,      610  
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the whole.  
'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love;

That even to birds and beasts the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around, 620  
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance  
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,  
Softening, the least approvance to bestow,  
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,  
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,  
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;  
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
And shiver every feather with desire. 630

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;  
That Nature's great command may be obey'd,  
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;

Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others, apart, far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,  
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry through the busy air,



Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,  
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,  
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.       660

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,  
Her sympathising lover takes his stand  
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
The tedious time away; or else supplies  
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time  
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,       670  
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;  
A helpless family, demanding food  
With constant clamour. Oh, what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,



On the new parents seize ! Away they fly,  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The most delicious morsel to their young ;  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,  
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,



Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,  
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
Check their own appetites and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,  
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,  
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,  
And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,         690  
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive  
The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head  
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
In long excursion skims the level lawn,  
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,  
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste  
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead         700  
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse ashamed here to bemoan  
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man  
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.

Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;  
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,  
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song, 710  
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear !  
If on your bosom innocence can win,  
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament  
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd  
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,  
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ; 720  
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,  
Where all abandon'd to despair she sings  
Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough  
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe, till wide around the woods

Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,      730  
Demand the free possession of the sky.

This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
Parental love at once, now needless grown :  
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,  
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad  
On Nature's common, far as they can see  
Or wing their range and pasture. O'er the boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge      741  
Their resolution fails—their pinions still,

In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void  
Trembling refuse—till down before them fly

The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
Or push them off. The surging air receives  
The plumpy burden ; and their self-taught wings  
Winnow the waving element. On ground  
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,

Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight ;      750  
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power  
Rous'd into life and action, light in air  
The acquitted parents see their soaring race,  
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
On utmost Kilda's<sup>1</sup> shore, whose lonely race  
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,  
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young ;  
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.      760  
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,  
For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace,  
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks  
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,  
In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive — there, well-pleas'd,      770  
I might the various polity survey

Of the mix'd household-kind. The careful hen  
Calls all her chirping family around,  
Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;  
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks  
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
The finely chequer'd duck before her train  
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan  
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;



And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet                   780  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads  
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,  
And swims in radiant majesty along.  
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world               790  
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame  
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins  
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.  
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood  
Dejected wanders, nor the enticing bud  
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.  
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,               800  
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns

His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.  
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins :  
Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,  
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
And groaning deep the impetuous battle mix ;  
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,  
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,  
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong : 810  
Blows are not felt ; but, tossing high his head,



And by the well-known joy to distant plains  
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;  
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;  
And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes  
The exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream  
Turns in black eddies round — such is the force  
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.      820

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring  
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :  
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,  
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
The cruel raptures of the savage kind ;  
How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,  
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,  
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
And growl their horrid loves. But this, the theme  
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,      831  
Forbids ; and leads me to the mountain brow,  
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,

Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,  
This way and that convolv'd, in briskful glee,  
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race  
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,  
They start away, and sweep the massy mound      840  
That runs around the hill; the rampart once  
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,  
When disunited Britain ever bled,  
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew  
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
Where wealth and commerce lift the golden head;  
And, o'er our labours, liberty and law  
Impartial watch—the wonder of a world!  
What is this mighty breath, ye curious, say,  
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,      850  
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breast  
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?  
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,  
And unremitting energy, pervades,  
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone  
Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd  
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.  
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye  
The informing Author in his works appears :       860  
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,  
The Smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,  
And air attest his bounty—which exalts  
The brute creation to this finer thought,  
And annual melts their undesigning hearts  
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
And sing the infusive force of Spring on man ;  
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie  
To raise his being, and serene his soul.       870  
Can he forbear to join the general smile  
Of Nature ? can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every grove  
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks  
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,  
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,  
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,  
Of all his works, creative bounty burns  
With warmest beam ; and on your open front        880  
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat  
Inviting modest want. Nor till invok'd  
Can restless goodness wait : your active search  
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;  
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft  
The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
For you the roving spirit of the wind  
Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds  
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;  
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,        890  
Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,  
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head ;  
Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd health exalts  
The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
Induces thought, and contemplation still.  
By swift degrees the love of nature works,



And warms the bosom ; till at last, sublim'd  
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,  
We feel the present Deity, and taste  
The joy of God to see a happy world !

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,  
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,  
O Lyttelton, the friend ! thy passions thus  
And meditations vary, as at large,  
Courting the muse, through Hagley Park you stray ;  
Thy British Tempè ! There along the dale,  
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,  
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,

Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,  
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade  
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,  
And pensive listen to the various voice  
Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots         920  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,  
You wander through the philosophic world ;  
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
You tread the long extent of backward time :  
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,  
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,  
Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulf         930  
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
The muses charm ; while, with sure taste refin'd,  
You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song,

Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,  
With soul to thine attun'd. Then nature all  
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ;  
And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.       940

The tender heart is animated peace ;  
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
In varied converse, softening every theme,  
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,  
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink  
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
Inimitable happiness ! which love  
Alone bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.

Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around ;       951  
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,  
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd  
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams ;

Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt  
The hospitable genius lingers still,  
To where the broken landscape, by degrees  
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills— 960  
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds  
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,  
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;  
Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;  
The shining moisture swells into her eyes  
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves  
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize  
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love. 970  
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :  
Dare not the infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,  
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,  
Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a couch,      980  
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let the aspiring youth beware of love,  
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,  
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.  
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,  
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
Still paints the illusive form, the kindling grace,  
The enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,      990  
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death ;  
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,  
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on  
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love  
Inglorious laid—while music flows around,  
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours—  
Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears  
Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang      1000

Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour still,  
And great design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

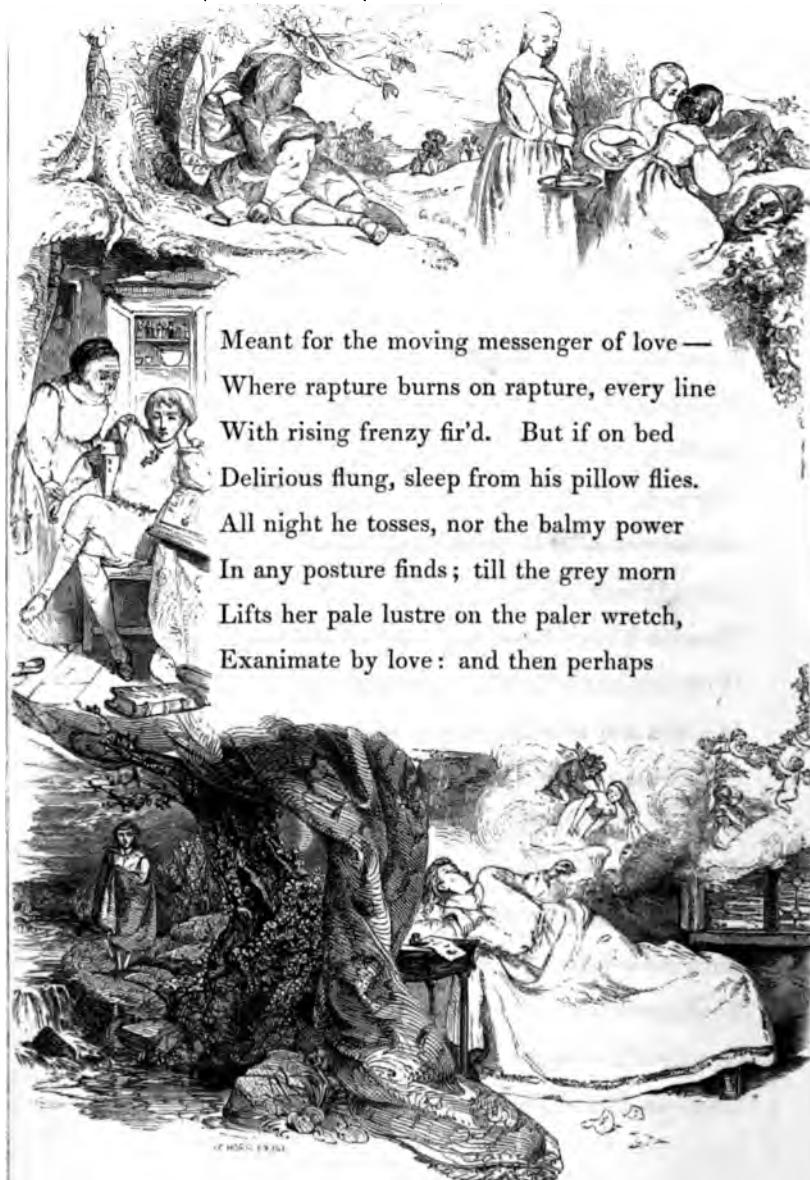
But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !  
Neglected fortune flies ; and, sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.

"Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring              1010  
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All nature fades extinct ; and she alone  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely and unattentive. From the tongue  
The unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away  
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies              1020  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd

In melancholy site, with head declin'd,  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs ; there through the pensive dusk  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love ; or on the bank 1030  
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day ;  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon  
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve  
To mingle woes with his ; or, while the world 1040  
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,  
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
His idly tortur'd heart into the page



Meant for the moving messenger of love —  
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed  
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
In any posture finds; till the grey morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps

Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
That o'er the sick imagination rise  
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks ;  
Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retir'd  
To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,  
Far from the dull impertinence of man, 1060  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths  
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks, aghast,  
Back from the bending precipice ; or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
The farther shore, where succourless and sad  
She with extended arms his aid implores, 1070  
But strives in vain : borne by the outrageous flood  
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.  
These are the charming agonies of love,

Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,      1080  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,  
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;  
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,      1090  
Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,  
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.

In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,  
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought ;                   1100  
Her first endearments, twining round the soul  
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew ;  
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins ;  
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :  
For even the sad assurance of his fears  
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,  
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life  
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care ;                   1110  
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,

Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,      1120  
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence : for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love      1130  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;  
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven  
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd  
Of a mere lifeless, violated form :  
While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;      1140



Something than beauty dearer, should they look

Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face —

Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,

The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,

And mingles both their graces. By degrees,

The human blossom blows; and every day,

Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,



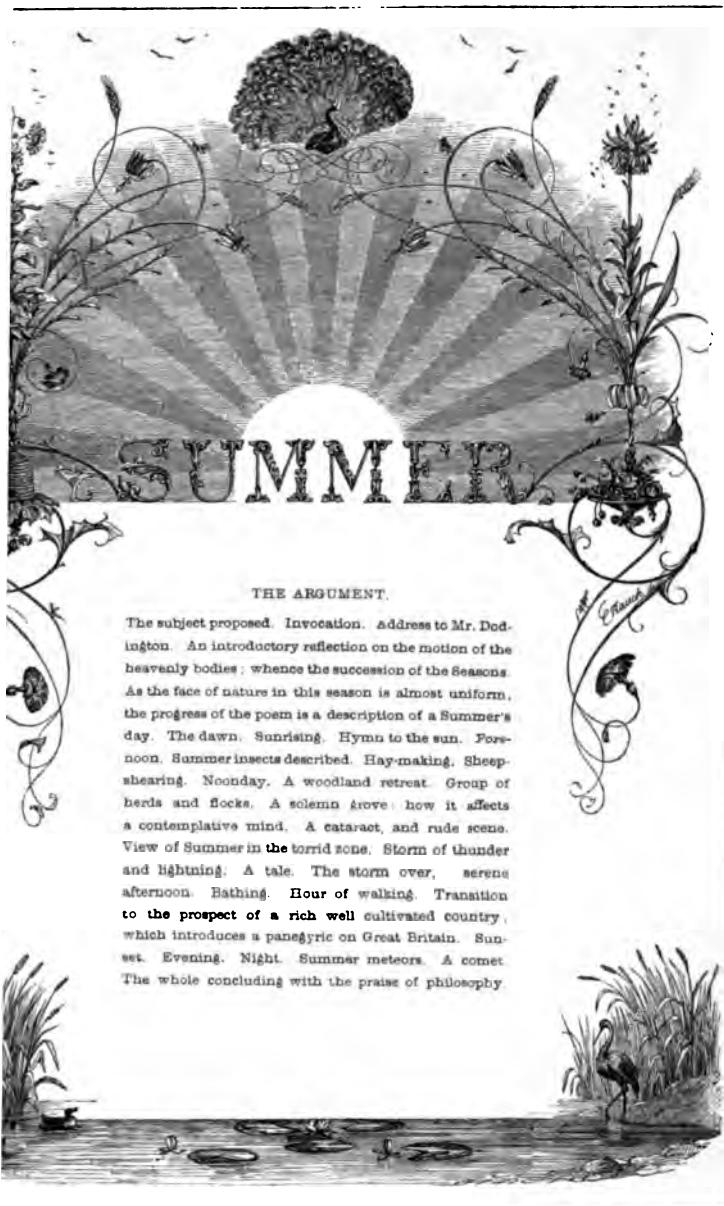
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.  
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls      1150  
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear  
Surprises often, while you look around,  
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
All various nature pressing on the heart ;      1160  
An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.  
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;      1170

When after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.      1176



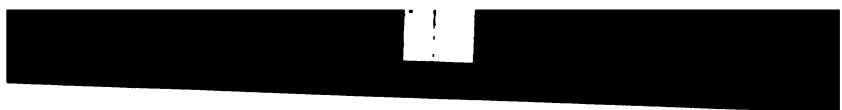


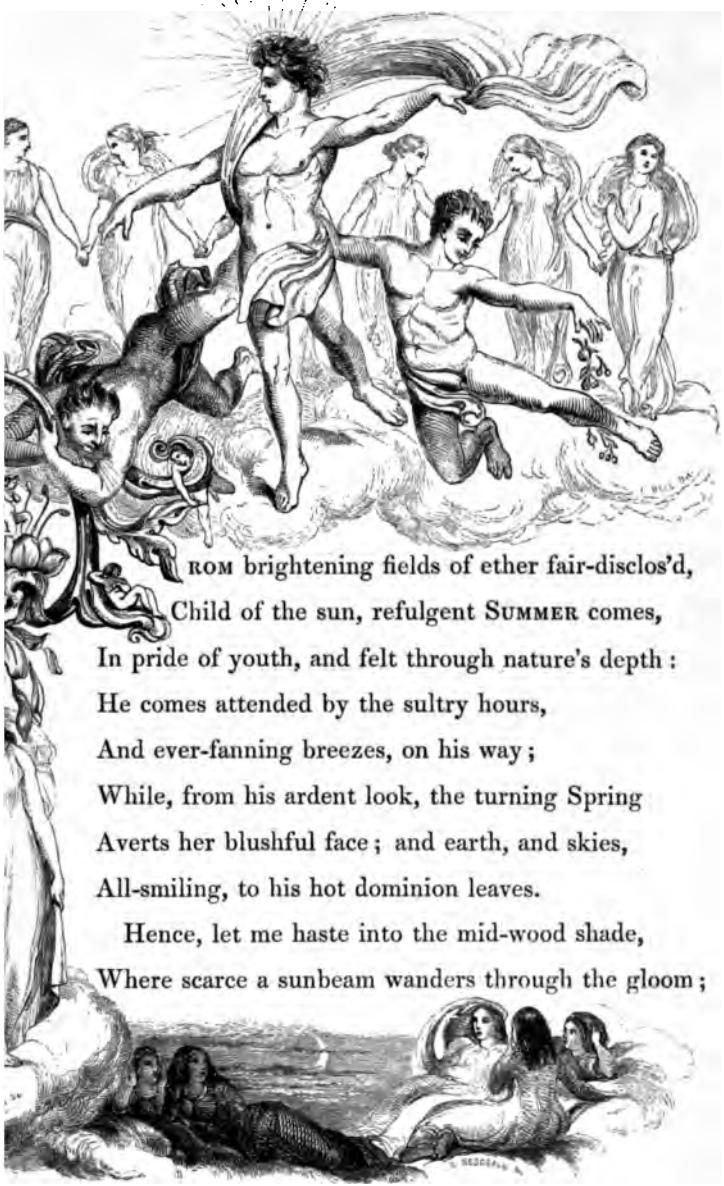
1



#### THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dod-  
ington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the  
heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons.  
As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform,  
the progress of the poem is a description of a Summer's  
day. The dawn. Sunrising. Hymn to the sun. Fore-  
noon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-  
shearing. Noonday. A woodland retreat. Group of  
herds and flocks. A solemn grove; how it affects  
a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene.  
View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder  
and lightning. A tale. The storm over, serene  
afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition  
to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country,  
which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-  
set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet.  
The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.





ROM brightening fields of ether fair-disclos'd,  
Child of the sun, resplendent SUMMER comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth :  
He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
Averts her blushing face ; and earth, and skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom ;

And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat,  
By mortal seldom found : may fancy dare,  
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look  
Creative of the poet, every power  
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

20

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,  
In whom the human graces all unite ;  
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;  
Genius and wisdom ; the gay social sense,  
By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit,  
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;  
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal  
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man :  
O Dodington ! attend my rural song,  
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,  
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

30

With what an awful world-revolving power

Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along  
The illimitable void ! thus to remain,  
Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
That oft has swept the toiling race of men  
And all their labour'd monuments away,  
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;  
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,  
And of the Seasons ever stealing round,       40  
Minutely faithful : such the All-perfect Hand  
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the alternate Twins are fir'd,  
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east —  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,  
And, from before the lustre of her face,       50  
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,

Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare



Limps, awkward ; while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes,                      60  
The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;  
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake ;  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song ?                      70  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul !  
Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams !  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
Longer than nature craves ; when every muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,

To bless the wildly devious morning-walk ? 80

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light ! 90  
Of all material beings first, and best !  
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
In unessential gloom ; and thou, O sun !  
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen  
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?  
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourn  
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round  
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk 100

Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !  
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs  
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
And not, as now, the green abodes of life—  
How many forms of being wait on thee !  
Inhaling spirit ; from the unfetter'd mind,  
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,         110  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

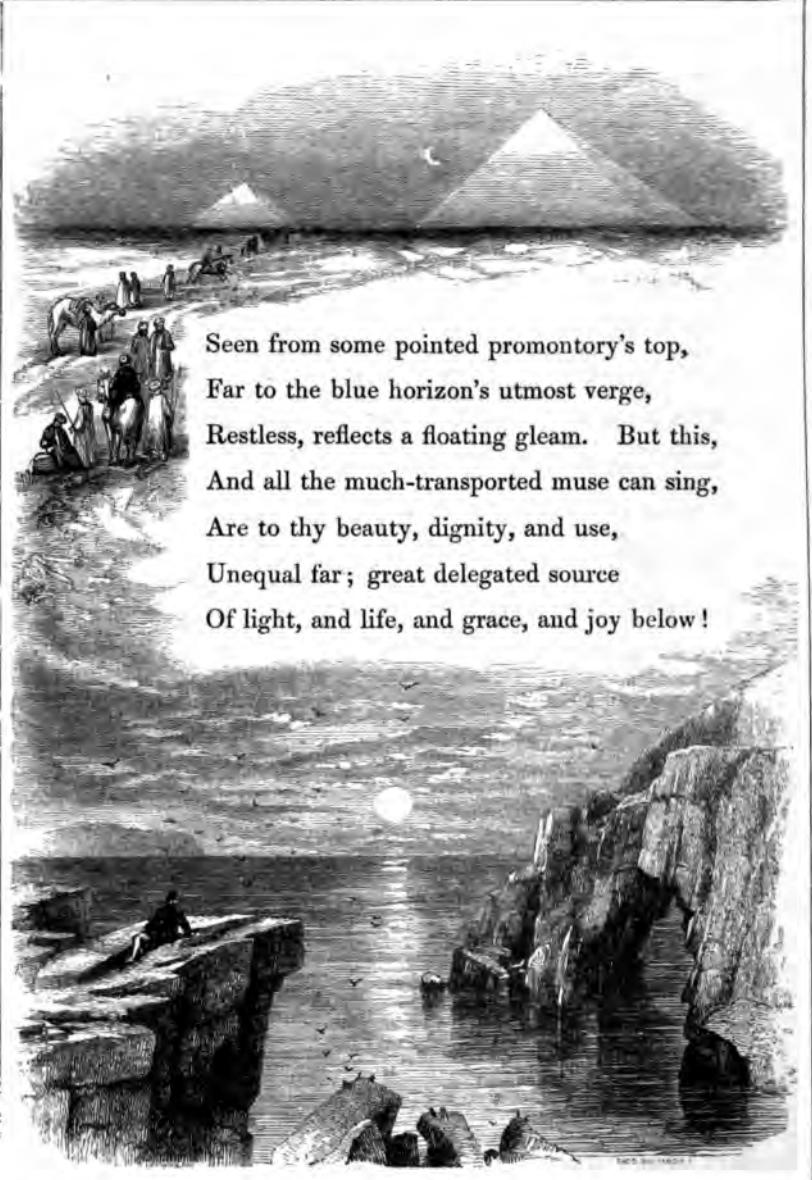
The vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road,  
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
A common hymn ; while, round thy beaming car,     120  
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,  
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,

Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,  
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.  
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,  
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,                   130  
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd —  
But, to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,  
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ;  
Hence labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd war  
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of peace  
Hence bless mankind ; and generous commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,           140  
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,  
And all its native lustre let abroad,  
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,

With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,  
And with a waving radiance inward flames.  
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes  
Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct,                  150  
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.  
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns ;  
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,  
When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,  
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams ;  
Or, flying several from its surface, form  
A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.  
The very dead creation, from thy touch,                  160  
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
Softens at thy return. The desert joys  
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,



Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
And all the much-transported muse can sing,  
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
Unequal far; great delegated source  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,  
Who, Light himself! in uncreated light  
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;  
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,      180  
That beam for ever through the boundless sky :  
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,  
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel  
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,  
Almighty Father ! silent in thy praise,  
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice ;  
Even in the depth of solitary woods,  
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power ;  
And to the quire celestial thee resound,      190  
The eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd ;  
And to peruse its all-instructing page,  
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,  
My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms

Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,      200  
And morning foggs, that hover'd round the hills  
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd  
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,  
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires,  
There, on the verdant turf or flowery bed,  
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;  
While tyrant heat, dispredding through the sky,  
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts      210  
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,  
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,  
When fevers revel through their azure veins.  
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,



Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;  
His flock before him stepping to the fold:  
While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
The food of innocence and health! The daw,  
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks  
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;  
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;

And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
The housedog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,  
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,  
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain  
To let the little noisy summer race  
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,  
Not mean though simple: to the sun allied,  
From him they draw their animating fire.

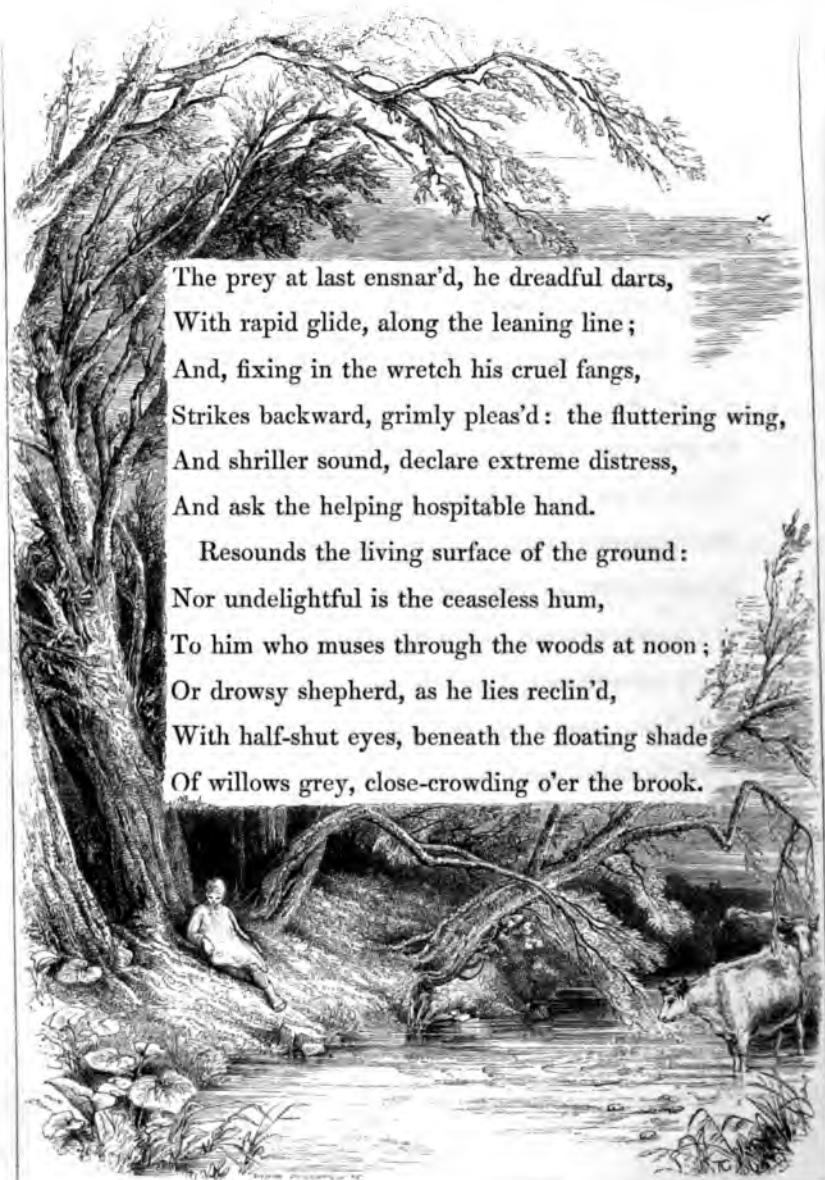
240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,  
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,  
And secret corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms—or rising from their tombs,  
To higher life—by myriads, forth at once,  
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues  
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!  
People the blaze. To sunny waters some  
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool.  
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,

250

Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,  
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade  
Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,  
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
And every latent herb : for the sweet task,  
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
In what soft beds, their young yet undispos'd,      260  
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;  
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :  
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl,  
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves  
A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,  
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,  
Mixture abhor'd ! Amid a mangled heap      270  
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft  
Passes ; as oft the ruffian shows his front.



The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,  
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;  
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,  
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,  
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,  
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground :  
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
To him who muses through the woods at noon ;  
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,  
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,  
Evading even the microscopic eye !  
Full nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass  
Of animals, or atoms organis'd, 290  
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven  
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,  
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud  
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,  
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
Within its winding citadel, the stone  
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,  
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300  
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible  
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.  
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream

Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,      310  
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd  
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape  
The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds  
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,  
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,  
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,  
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd  
In vain, or not for admirable ends.      320  
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?  
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,  
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !  
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
And lives the man whose universal eye      329  
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,

Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,  
As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen  
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
From Infinite Perfection to the brink  
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,  
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,  
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,      340  
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,  
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,  
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.  
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass  
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,  
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on  
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes      350  
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.  
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:



The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.  
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,



They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,  
That throws refreshful round a rural smell ;  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet haycock rises thick behind,  
In order gay : while heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,  
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.  
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :                   380  
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And panting labour to the farther shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece

Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,  
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow-move the harmless race ; where, as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild       390  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill—and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks  
Are in the wattled pen innumEROUS press'd,  
Head above head ; and rang'd in lusty rows  
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,       400  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace :  
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,



Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand ;  
Others the unwilling wether drag along ;  
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.  
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
By needy man, that all-depending lord,  
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !  
What softness in its melancholy face,  
What dumb complaining innocence appears !  
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;  
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
Who having now, to pay his annual care,



Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees  
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands  
The exalted stores of every brighter clime,  
The treasures of the sun without his rage;  
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
Wide glows her land; her dreadful thunder hence  
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,  
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;      430  
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.  
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun  
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,  
From pole to pole, is undistinguish'd blaze.  
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,  
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams  
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields      440  
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.

Echo no more returns the cheerful sound  
Of sharpening scythe : the mower, sinking, heaps  
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;  
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard  
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.  
The very streams look languid from afar ;  
Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem  
To hurl into the covert of the grove.      450

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath !  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
And restless turn, and look around for night :  
Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.  
Thrice-happy he ! who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ;      460  
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,  
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,  
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
And every passion aptly harmonis'd,  
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !  
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !

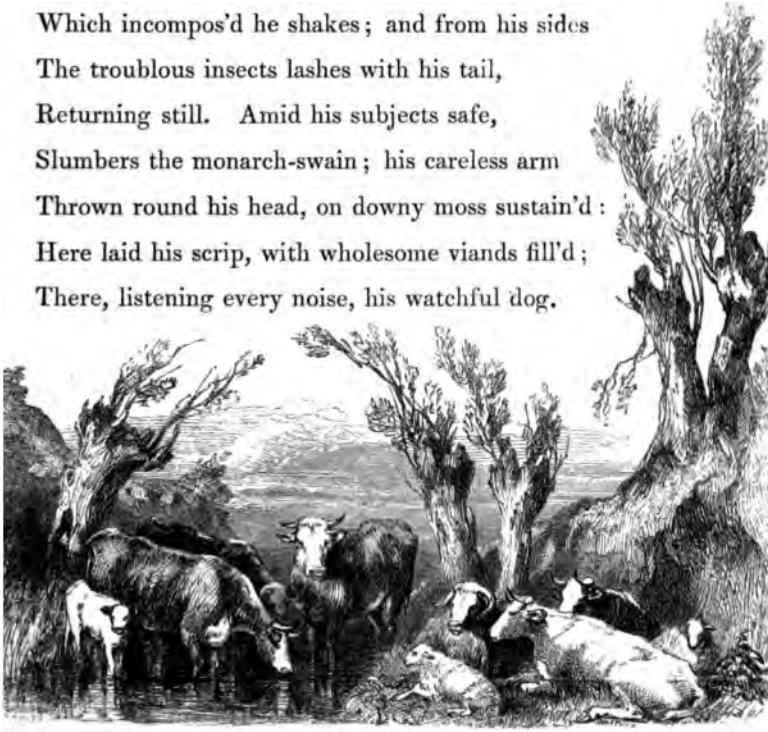
470

Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !  
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,  
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides  
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.  
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;  
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye  
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;  
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around the adjoining brook that purls along      480  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,  
A various group the herds and flocks compose ;  
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank



Some ruminating lie ; while others stand  
Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
The circling surface. In the middle droops  
**The strong laborious ox, of honest front,**  
Which incompos'd he shakes ; and from his sides  
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm  
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd :  
Here laid his srip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.



Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd ;  
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,      500  
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain  
Through all the bright severity of noon ;  
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,  
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,  
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,      510  
And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength !  
Bears down the opposing stream ; quenchless his thirst,  
He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;  
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth ;  
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,

Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
And all is awful listening gloom around.

520

These are the haunts of meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,  
Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,  
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,  
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall  
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;  
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul  
For future trials fated to prepare ;  
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs  
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast  
(Backward to mingle in detested war,  
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ;  
And numberless such offices of love,  
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

530

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel  
A sacred terror, a severe delight,

540

Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,  
A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear  
Of fancy strikes : “ Be not of us afraid,  
Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we  
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew —  
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life  
Toil’d tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,  
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb’d  
By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
Of nature sing with us, and nature’s God.  
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,



Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,

The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade ; 560

A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,

On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear

Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley<sup>1</sup>, of that sacred band ?

Alas, for us too soon !—Though rais'd above

The reach of human pain, above the flight

Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray

Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel

A mother's love, a mother's tender woe ;

Who seeks thee still in many a former scene, 570

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,

Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense

Inspir'd — where moral wisdom mildly shone

Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd

In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.

But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;

Or rather to parental Nature pay

The tears of grateful joy — who for a while

Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom

Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580

Believe the muse: the wintry blast of death  
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,  
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,  
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound  
Of a near fall of water every sense  
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,  
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590  
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600  
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now

Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;  
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,  
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
With upward pinions, through the flood of day ;  
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,         610  
Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,  
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stockdove only through the forest coos,  
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
Short interval of weary woe ! again  
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds         620  
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,  
All in the freshness of the humid air :

There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,  
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head  
By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee  
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm



Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
While nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,  
Now come, bold fancy, spread a daring flight,  
And view the wonders of the torrid zone

Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,  
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,  
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
The short liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze  
Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air :

He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,  
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,                 640  
The general breeze<sup>2</sup>, to mitigate his fire,  
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
Returning suns and double seasons<sup>3</sup> pass :

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,  
That on the high equator ridgy rise,

Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays ;  
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,

Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills,         650  
Or to the far horizon wide-diffus'd,  
A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,

The noble sons of potent heat and floods

Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven  
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw  
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste  
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,      660  
Redoubled day; yet in their rugged coats  
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;  
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,  
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd  
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,  
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.  
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,  
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;      671  
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade.  
Oh! stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,

Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine;  
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680  
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race  
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
Witness, thou best ananas, thou the pride  
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
The poets imag'd in the golden age:  
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,  
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!  
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense  
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691  
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,  
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.  
Another Flora there, of bolder hues  
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand  
Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift  
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,

And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.      700  
Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd  
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells  
In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas ;  
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,  
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,  
Behemoth<sup>4</sup> rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,  
The darted steel in idle shivers flies :      711  
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;  
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,  
In widening circle round, forget their food,  
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.  
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that cast  
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,  
Or 'mid the central depth of blackening woods  
High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,      720

Leans the huge elephant; wisest of brutes!  
Oh truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,  
Though powerful, not destructive. Here he sees  
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
And empires rise and fall; regardless he  
Of what the never-resting race of men  
Project: thrice-happy! could he 'scape their guile,  
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;  
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,      730  
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,  
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd  
The plumpy nations, there her gayest hues  
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,  
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.<sup>5</sup>      740  
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast

A boundless radiance waving on the sun,  
While philomel is ours ; while in our shades,  
Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my muse, the desert-barrier burst,  
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky ;  
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennaar, ardent climb      750  
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds  
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.  
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;  
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,  
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.  
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,      760  
From jasmine grove to grove ; may'st wander gay,  
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair  
For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,  
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;  
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;  
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ;      770  
And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks  
Securely stray ; a world within itself,  
Disdaining all assault : there let me draw  
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,  
And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear  
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold ;  
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,  
Fervent with life of every fairer kind.      780  
A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes  
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,  
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.  
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,

Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
For to the hot equator crowding fast,  
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air  
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,                   790  
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;  
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,  
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.  
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd  
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,  
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne ;  
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;  
Till, in the furious elemental war                   800  
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass  
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,  
Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile.  
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,  
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake  
Of fair Dembea rolls his infant stream.



There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away  
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles  
That with unfading verdure smile around.  
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;  
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,  
Winds in progressive majesty along :  
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze ;  
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit  
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,  
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,  
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods  
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave  
Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract  
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind  
Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar ;  
From Menam's<sup>6</sup> orient stream, that nightly shines  
With insect-lamps, to where aurora sheds  
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower ;  
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,830  
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,  
The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Orinoque  
Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives  
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees —  
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.  
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
The mighty Orellana.<sup>7</sup> Scarce the muse840  
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass  
Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt  
The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,

Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,  
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,  
In silent dignity they sweep along ;  
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
And fruitful deserts — worlds of solitude,  
Where the sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,  
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,                            850  
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,  
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;  
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd  
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.  
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,  
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;  
And ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth,                    860  
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,  
This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,  
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?  
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,  
What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts,

The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,  
Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what,  
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?  
Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid  
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,        870  
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ?  
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun !  
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,  
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?  
Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of peace,  
Whate'er the humanising muses teach ;  
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;  
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;  
Investigation calm, whose silent powers  
Command the world ; the light that leads to Heaven ;  
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,        881  
And all-protecting freedom, which alone  
Sustains the name and dignity of man :  
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself  
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannise ;  
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom  
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,

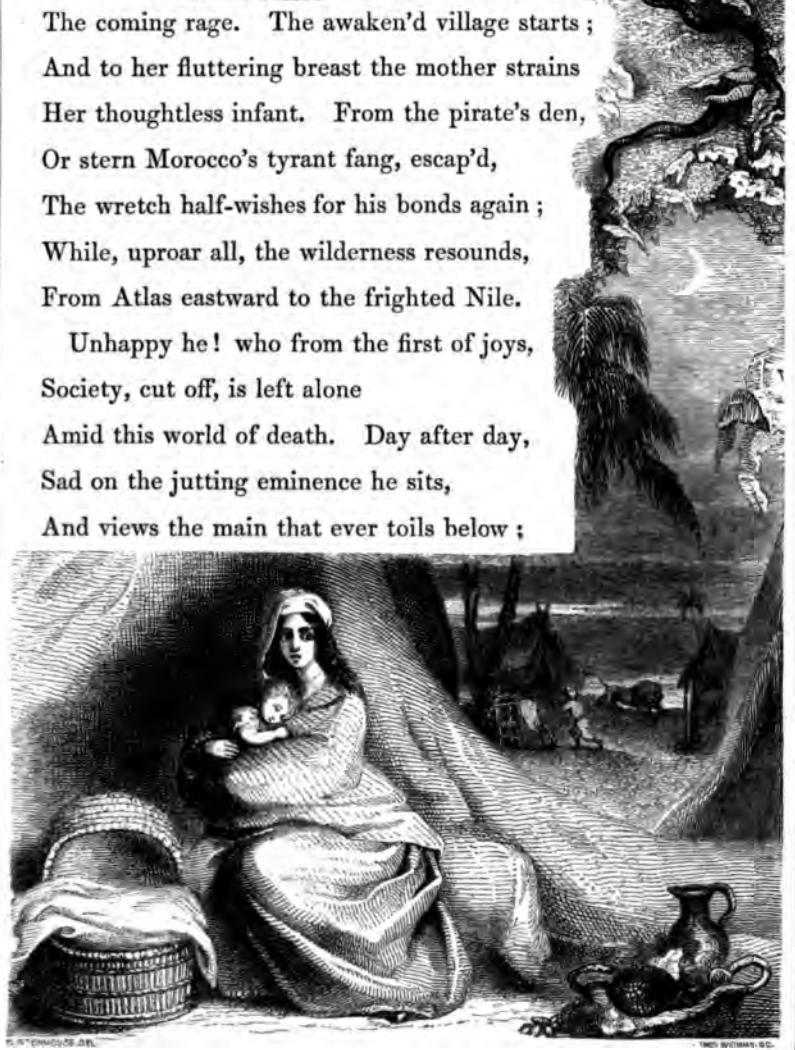
And feature gross ; or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there ; 890  
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight  
Of sweet humanity : these court the beam  
Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,  
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,  
There lost. The very brute creation there  
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
Which even imagination fears to tread,  
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900  
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd  
He throws his folds ; and while, with threatening tongue  
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,  
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,  
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
The small close-lurking minister of fate,  
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins

A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift  
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,  
This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd  
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,  
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut  
His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,  
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd ;  
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;  
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,  
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell :  
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods  
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles  
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,  
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,  
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;  
And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,  
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,  
They ruminating lie, with horror hear



The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts ;  
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,  
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escap'd,  
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again ;  
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.



Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone  
Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
And views the main that ever toils below ;

Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.  
At evening, to the setting sun he turns  
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,  
And hiss continual through the tedious night.      950  
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes  
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,  
And guilty Cæsar, liberty retir'd,  
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds ;  
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,  
And all the green delights Ausonia pours —  
When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.  
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.  
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,      960  
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot  
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,  
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,

Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,  
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,  
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play ; 970  
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;  
Till, with the general all-involving storm  
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;  
And by their noon day fount dejected thrown,  
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,  
Beneath descending hills, the caravan  
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets  
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980  
Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.  
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,  
The circling typhon<sup>8</sup>, whirl'd from point to point,  
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,  
And dire ecnephias<sup>8</sup>, reign. Amid the heavens,  
Falsey serene, deep in a cloudy speck<sup>9</sup>

Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :  
Of no regard save to the skilful eye,  
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs        990  
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass  
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.  
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.  
Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,  
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.        1000  
With such mad seas the daring Gama<sup>10</sup> fought,  
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
Incessant, labouring round the *stormy cape* ;  
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
Of gold. For then, from ancient gloom, emerg'd  
The rising world of trade : the genius, then,  
Of navigation, that in hopeless sloth  
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep  
For idle ages, starting, heard at last

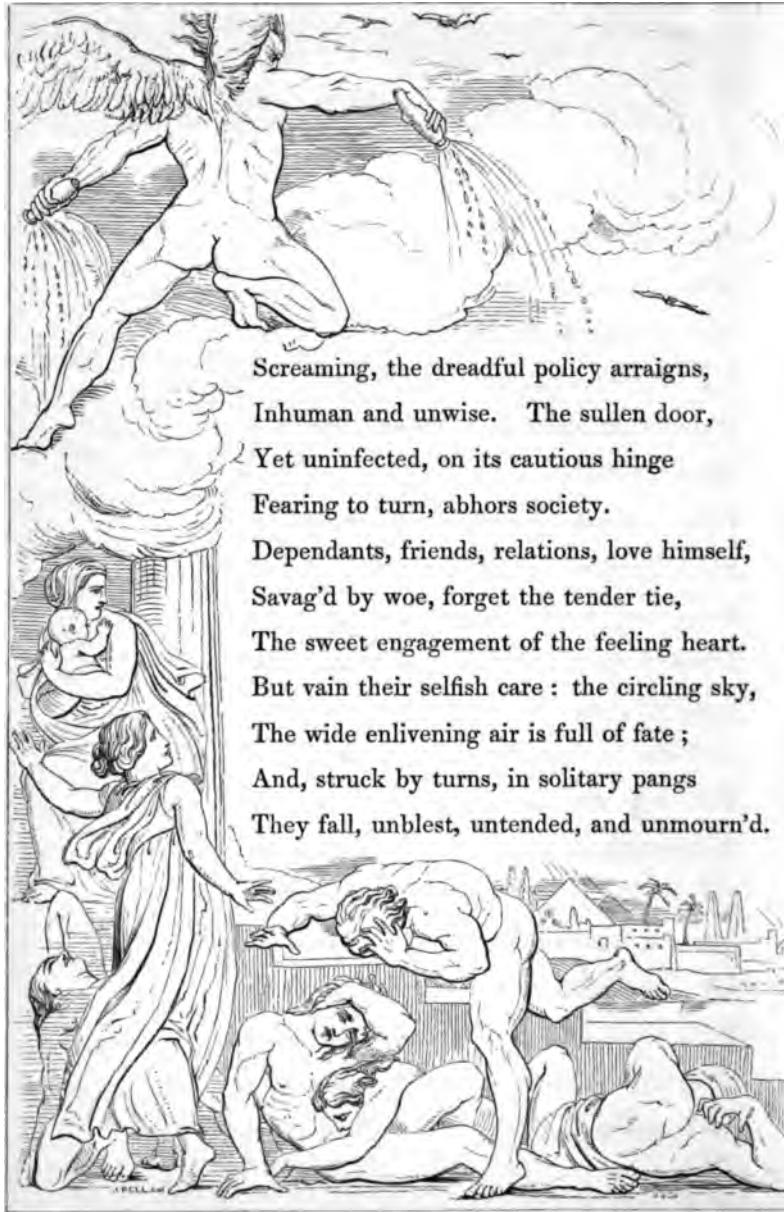
The Lusitanian prince<sup>11</sup> ; who, heaven-inspir'd,      1010  
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,  
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,  
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent  
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,  
Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;  
And from the partners of that cruel trade  
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,      1020  
Demands his share of prey — demands themselves.  
The stormy fates descend : one death involves  
Tyrants and slaves ; when straight, their mangled limbs  
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
And draws the copious steam ; from swampy fens,  
Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,  
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,      1031

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
Has ever dar'd to pierce — then, wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.  
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
And feeble desolation, casting down  
The towered hopes and all the pride of man.  
Such as, of late, at Cartagena quench'd      1040  
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw  
The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw  
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;  
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye  
No more with ardour bright ; you heard the groans  
Of agonising ships, from shore to shore ;  
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,  
The frequent corse — while on each other fix'd,  
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,      1050  
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.  
What need I mention those inclement skies  
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague,

The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,  
Descends ? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,  
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields  
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,  
This great destroyer sprung.<sup>12</sup> Her awful rage  
The brutes escape. Man is her destin'd prey,  
Intemperate man ! and o'er his guilty domes      1060  
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;  
Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd  
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,  
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,  
Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand  
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,  
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ;      1070  
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
The cheerful haunt of men — unless escap'd  
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,  
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,  
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and loud to Heaven



Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,  
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,  
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
Fearing to turn, abhors society.  
Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,  
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,  
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,  
The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;  
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs  
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.

Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair  
Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete  
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,      1090  
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense  
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,  
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year ;  
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,  
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;  
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,  
The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes  
Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.      1100  
But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant muse :  
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,  
Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains  
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd  
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume

Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,  
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,      1110  
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,  
The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound  
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.      1120  
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes  
Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce  
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a deplored eye ; by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.  
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;      1130

And following slower, in explosion vast,  
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds — till over head a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts  
And opens wider, shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.

1140

Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds  
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

1149

Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine  
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,  
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:

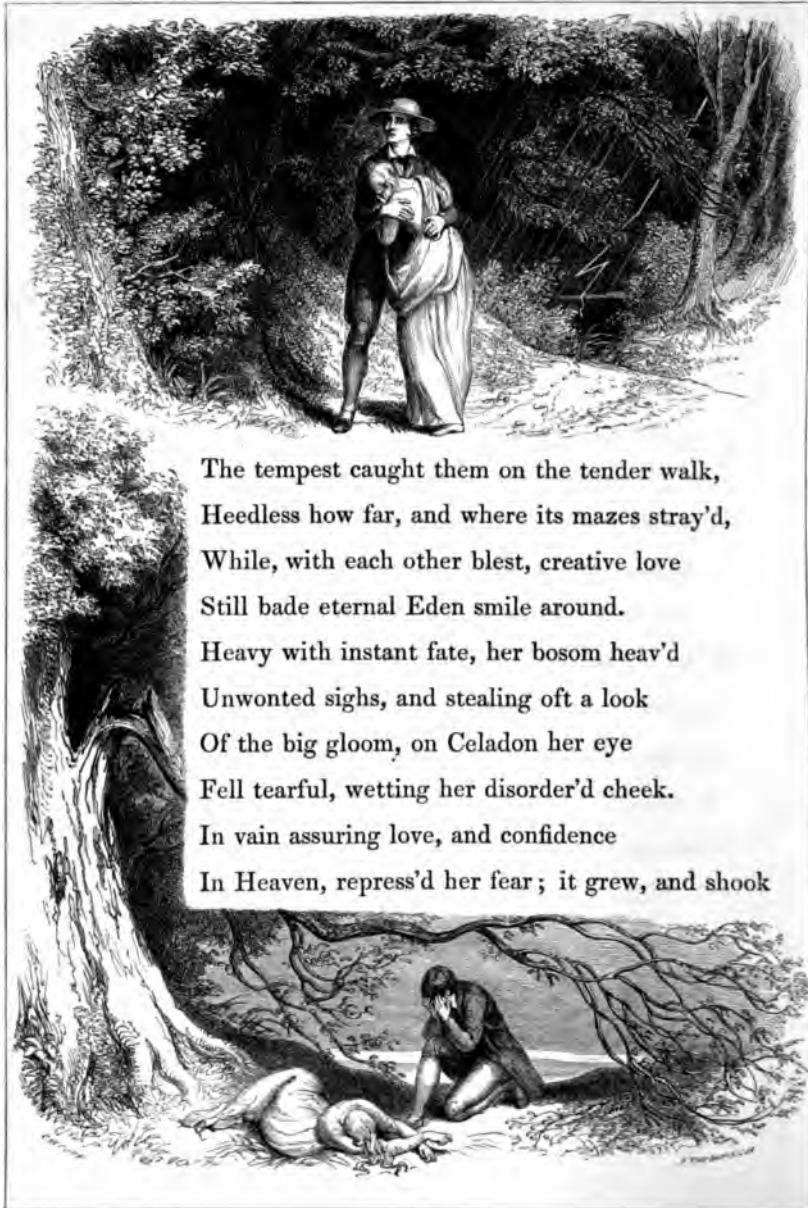


Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless  
They wore alive, and ruminating still  
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,  
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cli  
The venerable tower and spiry fane  
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates sh  
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud  
The percussive roar; with mighty crush,  
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
Of Penmaen Mawr heap'd hideous to the sky  
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's pe  
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze  
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought ;  
And yet not always on the guilty head                    1170  
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon  
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;  
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :  
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,  
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,            1180  
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,                    1190



The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,  
While, with each other blest, creative love  
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heav'd  
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye  
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
In vain assuring love, and confidence  
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook

Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
The unequal conflict; and, as angels look  
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,  
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,  
And inward storm! He who yon skies involves  
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour  
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice      1210  
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,  
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,  
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!  
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb      1220  
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds  
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky  
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands  
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,  
Shines out afresh; and through the lighten'd air  
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,      1230  
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.  
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.  
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,  
Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate  
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?  
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,      1240  
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,  
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?  
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth

Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands  
Gazing the inverted landscape, half-afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below ;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.

His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek                          1250  
Instant emerge ; and through the obedient wave,  
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;  
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the summer heats ;  
Nor, when cold Winter keen's the brightening flood,  
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.                  1260  
Thus life redoubles ; and is oft preserv'd,  
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse  
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm  
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,  
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.

Even, from the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,  
Where winded into pleasing solitudes      1270  
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat ;  
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.  
There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd  
Among the bending willows, falsely he  
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.  
She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,  
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
The soft return conceal'd — save when it stole  
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,      1280  
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;  
And, if an infant passion struggled there,  
To call that passion forth. Thrice-happy swain !  
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
For, lo ! conducted by the laughing loves,

This cool retreat his Musidora sought :  
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;      1290  
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe  
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,  
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd.  
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
A delicate refinement known to few,  
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire ;  
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?  
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest      1300  
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around  
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah ! then, not Paris on the piny top  
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside  
The rival goddesses the veil divine  
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,  
Than, Damon, thou ; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew ;  
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;      1310

And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,  
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,  
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,  
And fair-expos'd she stood — shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?      1320

Then to the flood she rush'd : the parted flood  
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd ;  
And every beauty softening, every grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed —  
As shines the lily through the crystal mild,  
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,  
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.  
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,  
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,      1330

Rising again, the latent Damon drew  
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,

As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,  
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,  
With headlong hurry fled ; but first these lines,  
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank  
With trembling hand he threw : " Bathe on, my fair,  
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye                          1341  
Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt ;  
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,  
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
A stupid moment motionless she stood :  
So stands the statue<sup>13</sup> that enchant's the world ;  
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.  
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes                  1350  
Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd  
In careless haste, the alarming paper snatch'd.  
But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,  
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train



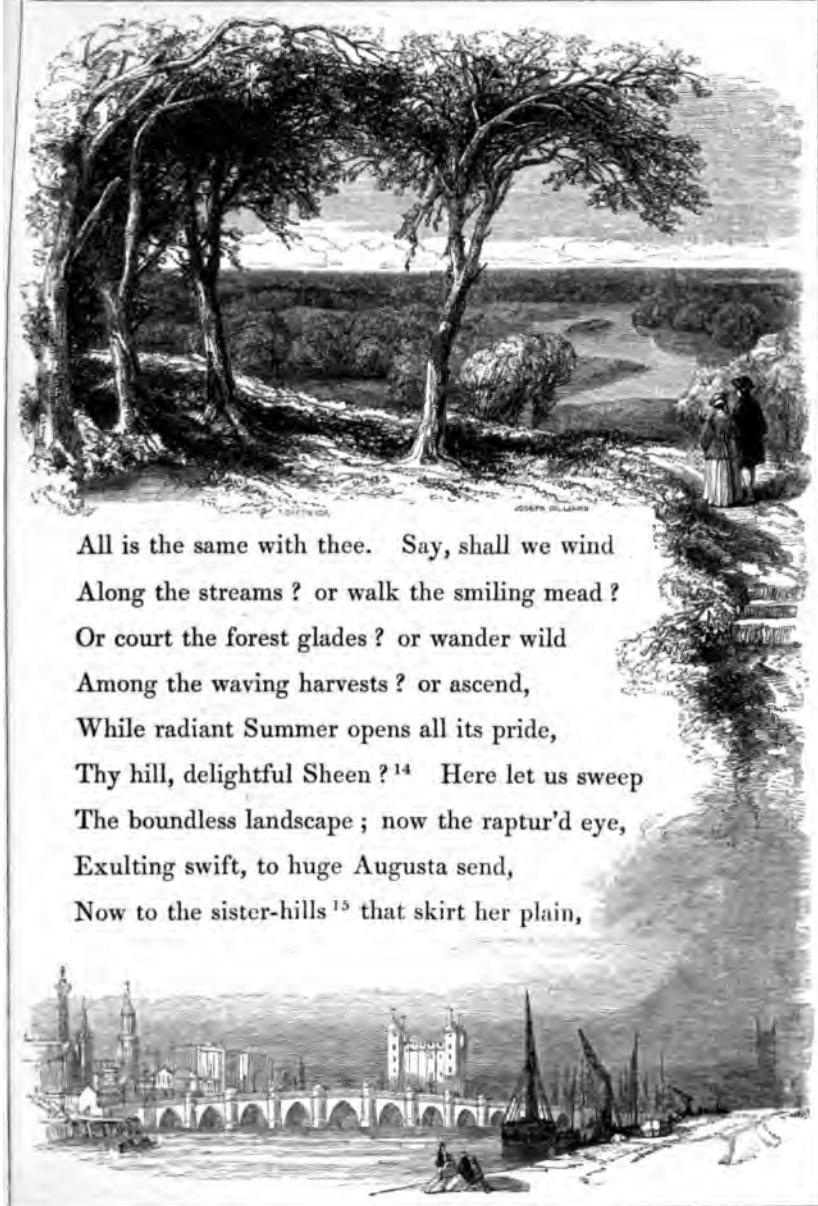
Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,  
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,  
The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
And admiration of her lover's flame,



By modesty exalted. Even a sense  
Of self-approving beauty stole across                  1360  
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm  
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;  
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen  
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,  
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy :  
“ Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now  
Discreet ; the time may come you need not fly.”      1370

The sun has lost his rage : his downward orb  
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,  
And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,  
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,  
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below,  
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves                  1380

To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
With Nature ; there to harmonise his heart,  
And in pathetic song to breathe around  
The harmony to others. Social friends,  
Attun'd to happy unison of soul —  
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,  
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
Displays its charms — whose minds are richly fraught  
With philosophic stores, superior light —  
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns      1390  
Virtue the sons of interest deem romance,  
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :  
Now to the verdant *portico* of woods,  
To Nature's vast *lyceum*, forth they walk ;  
By that kind *school* where no proud master reigns,  
The full free converse of the friendly heart,  
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,  
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
And pour their souls in transport, which the sire  
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*      1400  
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ?  
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose ?



All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?  
Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild  
Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,  
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
Thy hill, delightful Sheen ?<sup>14</sup> Here let us sweep  
The boundless landscape ; now the raptur'd eye,  
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,  
Now to the sister-hills<sup>15</sup> that skirt her plain,

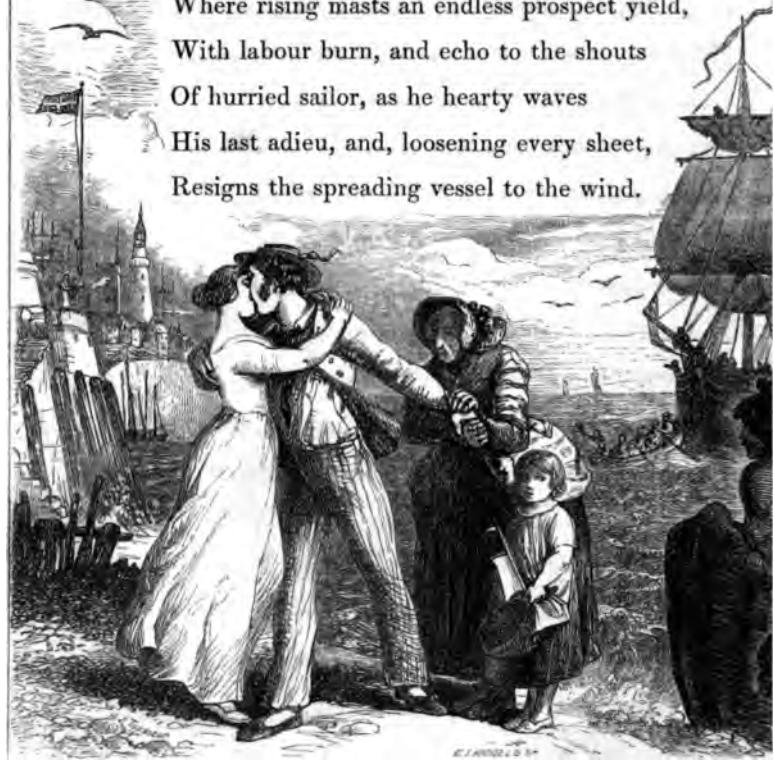
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.  
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,  
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.  
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray ;  
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods  
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat,  
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,  
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,      1421  
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,  
The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,  
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse,  
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames —  
Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt  
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore  
The healing god, to royal Hampton's pile,  
To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,  
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd      1430  
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,  
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.  
Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the muse

Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !  
O vale of bliss ! O softly swelling hills !  
On which the power of cultivation lies,  
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all      1440  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays !  
Happy Britannia ! where the queen of arts,  
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad  
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;  
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float  
With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless — while, roving round their sides,  
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.      1451  
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;  
And property assures it to the swain,

Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.  
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;  
And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself,  
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.



Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,  
Scattering the nations where they go; and first,  
Or in the listed plain, or stormy seas.

1470

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;  
In genius, and substantial learning, high ;  
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;  
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;  
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,  
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many ! Alfred thine,  
In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,  
Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,  
And his own muses love — the best of kings.  
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,  
Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd  
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,  
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,  
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,

Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,  
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,      1490  
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,  
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor —  
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.  
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;  
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak  
The numerous worthies of the maiden-reign ?  
In Ralegh mark their every glory mix'd ;  
Ralegh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.      1501  
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign  
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind  
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,  
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;  
Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,  
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.      1510

Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,  
The plume of war ! with early laurcs crown'd,  
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,  
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age  
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd ;  
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye       1520  
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
The grave where Russell lies ; whose temper'd blood,  
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign —  
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk  
In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
His friend, the British Cassius<sup>16</sup>, fearless bled ;  
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love       1530  
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown  
In awful sages and in noble bards ;

Soon as the light of dawning science spread  
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.  
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice ;  
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,  
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,  
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade  
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,                  1541  
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.  
The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom  
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
Led forth the true philosophy, there long  
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,  
And definitions void : he led her forth,  
Daughter of heaven ! that slow-ascending still,  
Investigating sure the chain of things,  
With radiant finger points to heaven again.                  1550  
The generous Ashley<sup>17</sup> thine, the friend of man ;  
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,  
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
To touch the finer movements of the mind,

And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.

Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,  
Amid the dark recesses of his works,

The great Creator sought ? And why thy Locke,

Who made the whole internal world his own ?

Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God

1560

To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works

From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame

In all philosophy. For lofty sense,

Creative fancy, and inspection keen

Through the deep windings of the human heart,

Is not wild Shakspere thine and Nature's boast ?

Is not each great, each amiable muse

Of classic ages, in thy Milton met ?

A genius universal as his theme,

Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom

1570

Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,

The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,

Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song

O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground ;

Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,

Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,  
Well moralis'd, shines through the Gothic cloud  
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I, 1580  
Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,  
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
And elegance, and taste ; the faultless form,  
Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,  
Where the live crimson, through the native white  
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,  
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,  
Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,  
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1590  
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love  
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.  
Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas  
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,  
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shore

Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,  
In bright patrol : white peace, and social love ;  
The tender-looking charity, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;  
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind ;  
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound temperance,  
Healthful in heart and look ; clear chastity,  
With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;  
Rough industry ; activity untir'd,  
With copious life inform'd, and all awake ;  
While in the radiant front, superior shines  
That first paternal virtue, public zeal —  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees, 1620

Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
Of Amphitritè and her tending nymphs,  
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb ;



Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round, 1690

Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,  
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :  
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch  
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
A drooping family of modest worth. 1640

But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew —  
To him the long review of order'd life  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air ;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down

Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
Of Nature nought despairs : thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

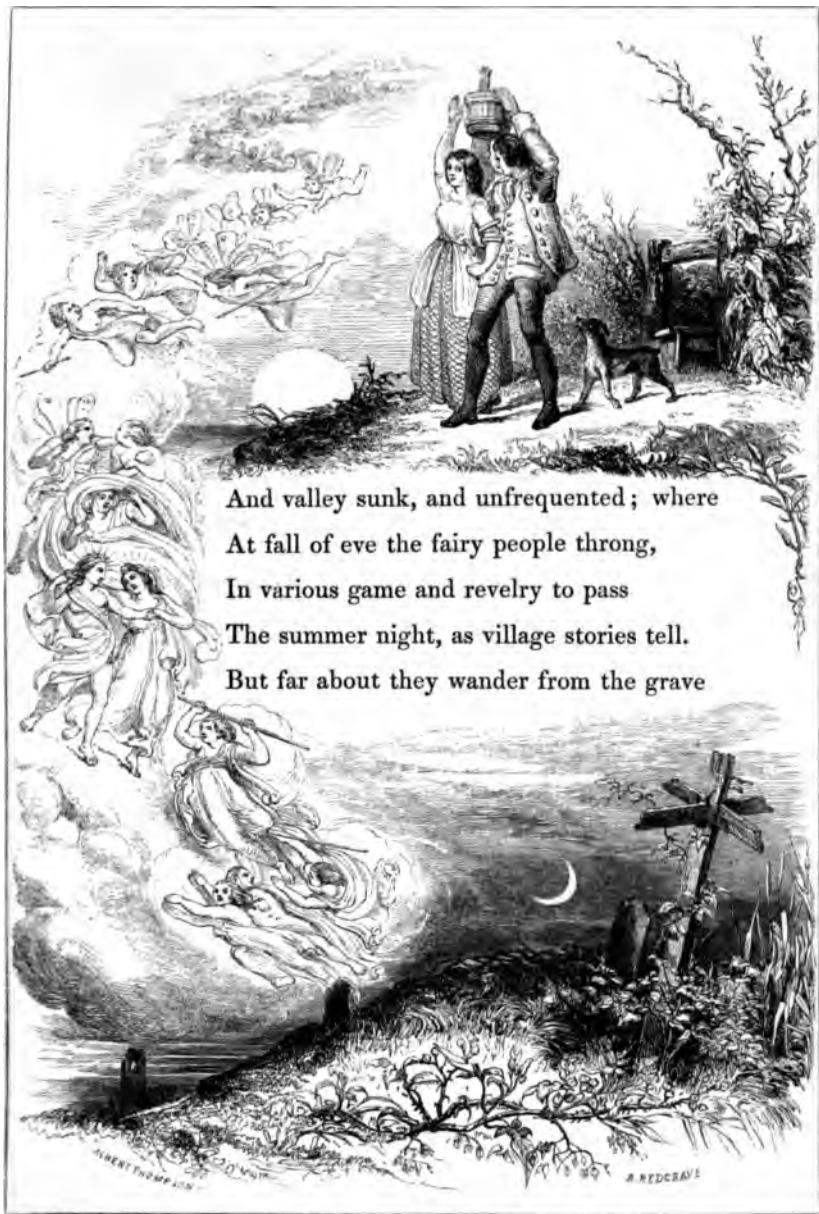
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves  
The ruddy milk maid of her brimming pail ;  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.

Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,

1650

1660

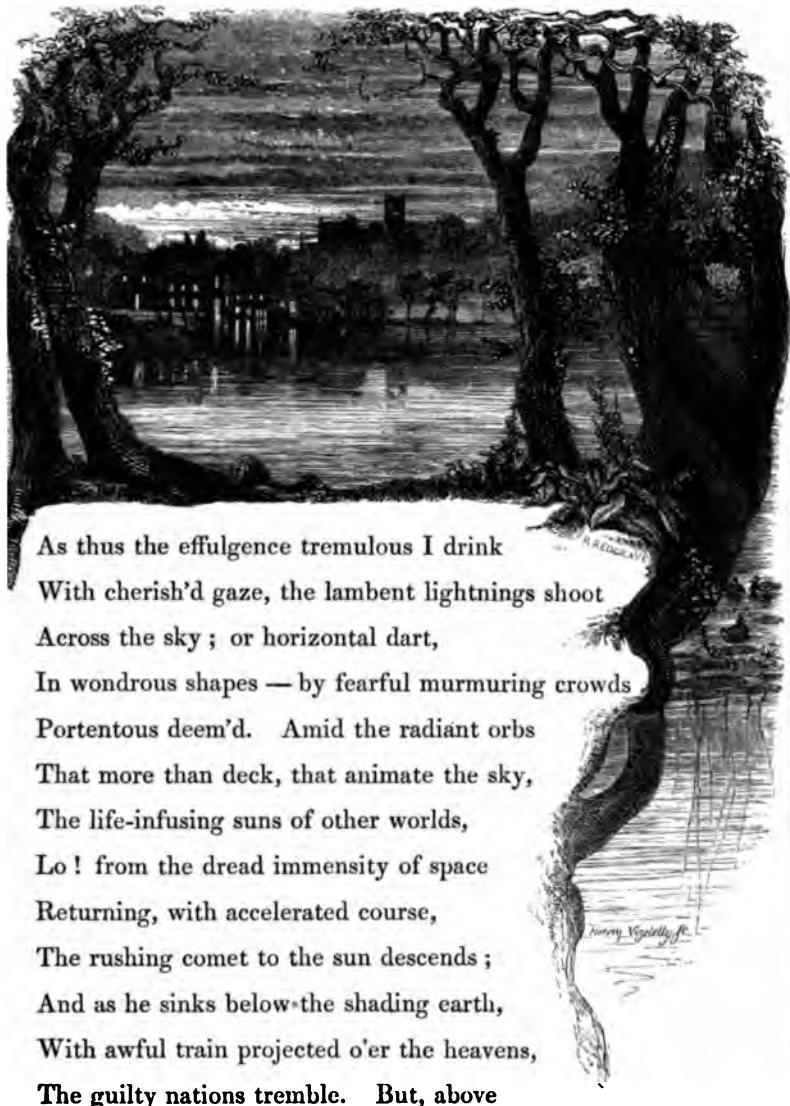
1670



And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game and revelry to pass  
The summer night, as village stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the grave

Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold, 1680  
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glow worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,  
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
The world to night; not in her winter robe  
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose-array'd  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams, 1690  
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd  
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft  
The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise  
When day light sickens, till it springs afresh,  
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.



As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink  
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
Across the sky ; or horizontal dart,  
In wondrous shapes — by fearful murmuring crowds  
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs  
That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
The life-infusing suns of other worlds,  
Lo ! from the dread immensity of space  
Returning, with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;  
And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
The guilty nations tremble. But, above

Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,  
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,  
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy  
Divinely great: they in their powers exult,  
That wondrous force of thought which mounting spurns  
This dusky spot and measures all the sky,  
While from his far excursion through the wilds      1720  
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,  
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
To work the will of all-sustaining Love;  
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs  
Through which his long ellipsis winds — perhaps  
To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.  
With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,      1730  
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!  
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!  
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,

Stronger than summer noon ; and pure as that  
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,  
New to the dawning of celestial day.  
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
Above the tangling mass of low desires  
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,  
The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1741  
Where all is calm and clear ; with nature round,  
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,  
To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd :  
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,  
The chain of causes and effects to him,  
The world-producing Essence, who alone  
Possesses being ; while the last receives  
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
And every beauty, delicate or bold, 1750  
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.  
Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts  
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,

Never to die ! the treasure of mankind,  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !  
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man ?  
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,  
In quest of prey ; and with the unfashion'd fur      1760  
Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art,  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law, were his ; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,  
Mother severe of infinite delights !      1770  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,  
Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds

Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs  
The ruling helm ; or, like the liberal breath  
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail  
Swallows out, and bears the inferior world along.

1780

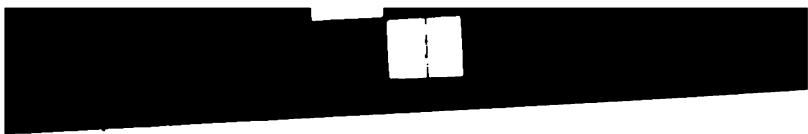
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
Poorly confin'd — the radiant tracts on high  
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze  
Creation through ; and, from that full complex  
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,  
And nature mov'd complete. With inward view,  
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns  
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,      1790  
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;  
Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train ;  
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,  
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins  
The world of spirits, action all, and life  
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,  
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.

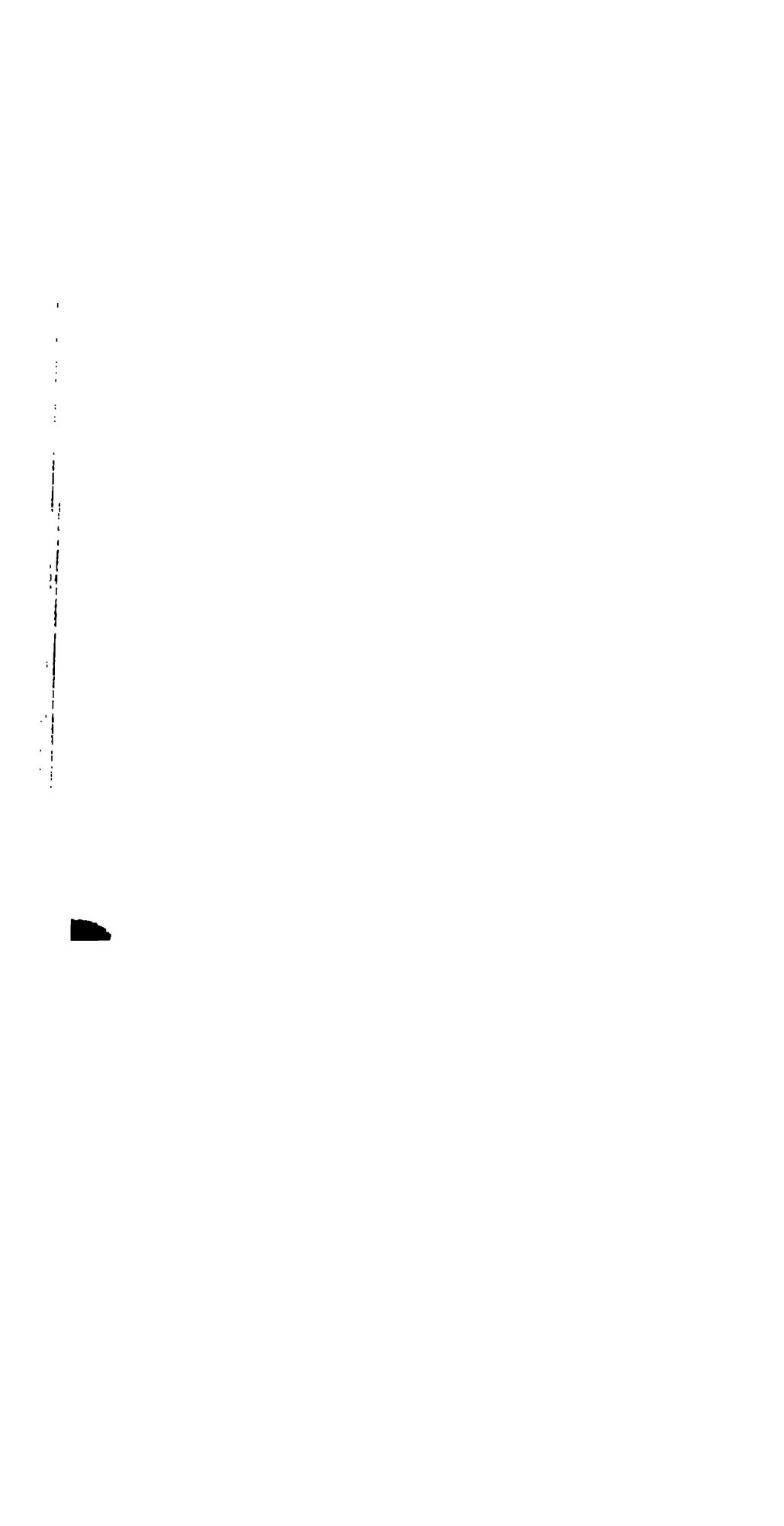
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,  
This infancy of being, cannot prove  
The final issue of the works of God,  
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,  
And ever rising with the rising mind.

1800

1805





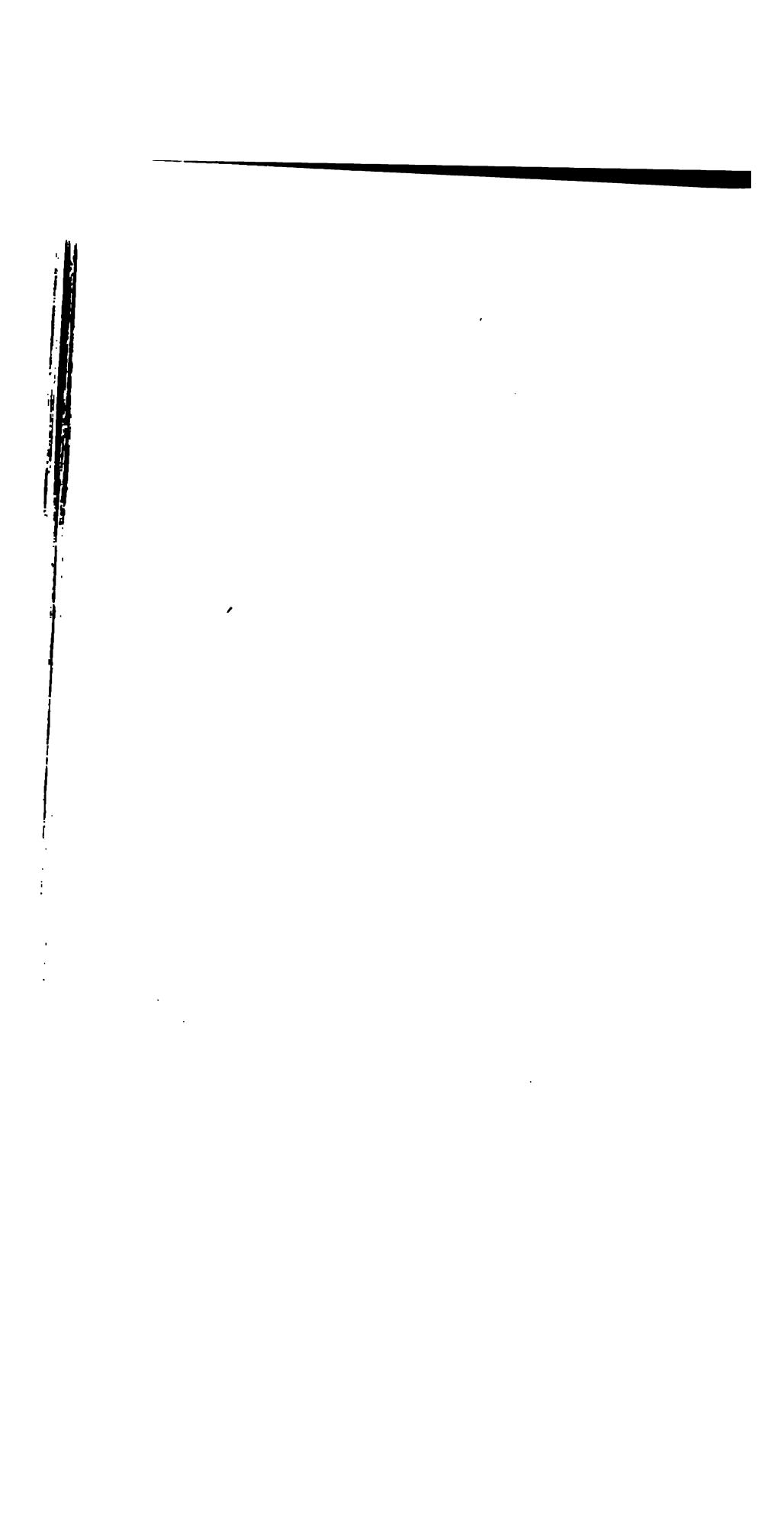


# AUTUMN

## THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting: their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wallfruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning, to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country-life.







J. D. GREENSTONE.

ROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,

While AUTUMN nodding o'er the yellow plain

Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,

Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost

Nitrous prepar'd—the various-blossom'd Spring

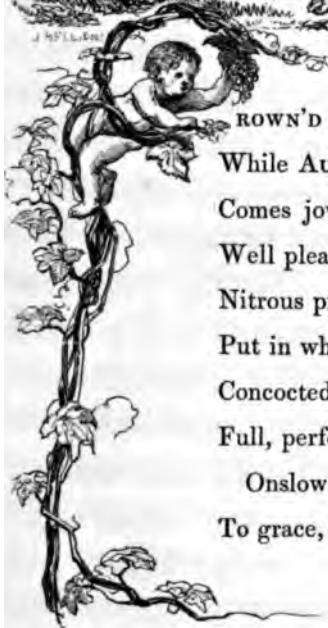
Put in white promise forth—and summer suns

Concocted strong—rush boundless now to view,

Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the muse, ambitious of thy name,

To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,



Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear  
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;  
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,  
Devolving through the maze of eloquence  
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.  
But she too pants for public virtue ; she,  
Though weak of power yet strong in ardent will,  
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,      20  
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

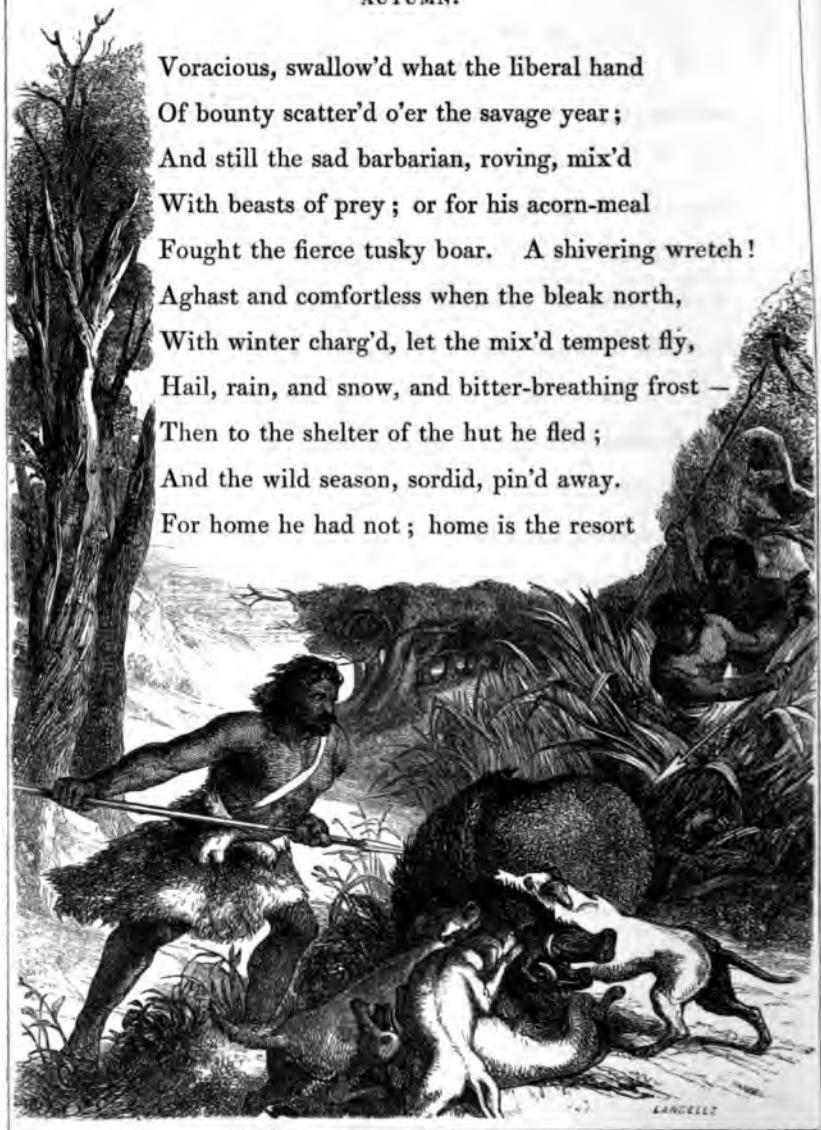
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,  
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,  
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,  
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds  
A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below      so  
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale

Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain ;  
A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air  
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;  
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun  
By fits effulgent gilds the illumin'd field,  
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
A gaily chequer'd, heart-expanding view,                  40  
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, industry ! rough power !  
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;  
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
And all the soft civility of life :  
Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;  
With various seeds of art deep in the mind                  50  
Implanted — and profusely pour'd around  
Materials infinite ; but idle all.  
Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,  
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,

AUTUMN.

Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand  
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year ;  
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal  
Fought the fierce tusky boar. A shivering wretch !  
Aghast and comfortless when the bleak north,  
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,  
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost —  
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;  
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.  
For home he had not ; home is the resort



Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,  
And dear relations, mingle into bliss.  
But this the rugged savage never felt,  
Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days  
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along :  
A waste of time ! till industry approach'd,  
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth ;  
His faculties unfolded ; pointed out  
Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
Of art demanded ; show'd him how to raise  
His feeble force by the mechanic powers ;  
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ;  
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;  
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;  
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;  
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd

70

80

The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake  
The life-refining soul of decent wit :  
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ;       90  
But, still advancing bolder, led him on  
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;  
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,  
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,  
And form'd a public ; to the general good  
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
For this the patriot council met, the full,  
The free, and fairly represented whole ;       100  
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,  
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
And with joint force oppression chaining, set  
Imperial justice at the helm — yet still  
To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd  
That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
And all the honey of their search, to such  
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.  
Hence every form of cultivated life

In order set, protected, and inspir'd,  
110  
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd  
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then commerce brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;  
Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames, 121  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !  
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,



Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between  
Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk  
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along  
Row'd regular to harmony ; around,  
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;  
While deep the various voice of fervent toil       130  
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with oak,  
To bear the British thunder, black and bold  
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
Its ample roof ; and luxury within  
Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvass smooth,  
With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,  
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch  
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.       140

All is the gift of industry ; whate'er  
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,  
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
The excluded tempest idly rave along ;



His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;  
Without him, Summer were an arid waste ;  
Nor to the autumnal months could thus transmit  
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,  
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,  
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.



At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160  
And steal unfehl the sultry hours away.  
Behind, the master walks ; builds up the shocks ;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around ; and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !  
How good the God of Harvest is to you ; 170  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields —  
While these unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want  
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.  
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;  
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
Of every stay save innocence and Heaven,      180  
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
Among the windings of a woody vale ;  
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride ;  
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,      190  
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star      200

Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,  
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd  
By strong necessity's supreme command, .  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times —  
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,



But free to follow nature was the mode.  
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :



He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.  
That very moment love and chaste desire  
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;  
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind  
Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
Now to the dust gone down — his houses, lands,  
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.  
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
His aged widow and his daughter live,

230

240

250

Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
Romantic wish, would this the daughter were ! ”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto — who can speak  
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,

And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;  
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,

Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.      260

Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?  
She whom my restless gratitude has sought  
So long in vain ? Oh yes ! the very same,  
The soften'd image of my noble friend ;  
Alive, his every feature, every look,  
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !      270  
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,

In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?  
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;  
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years !  
Oh let me now, into a richer soil,  
Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers  
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;                           280  
And of my garden be the pride and joy !  
It ill befits thee, oh, it ill befits  
Acasto's daughter — his whose open stores,  
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
The father of a country, thus to pick  
The very refuse of those harvest-fields  
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
But ill-applied to such a rugged task :  
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;                   290  
If to the various blessings which thy house  
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"  
Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye

Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
Of goodness irresistible, and all  
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.                   300  
The news immediate to her mother brought,  
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate —  
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :  
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;  
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
And good, the grace of all the country round.                   310  
Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn ;  
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,

And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere  
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,  
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours        320  
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,  
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force —  
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,  
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends        331  
In one continuous flood. Still over head  
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
The deluge deepens ; till the fields around  
Lie sunk, and flattened, in the sordid wave.  
Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.  
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks

The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,  
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,      340  
Roll mingled down : all that the winds had spar'd,  
In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,  
And well-earn'd treasures, of the painful year.  
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,  
Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck  
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once  
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,      350  
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;  
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,  
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride ;  
And, oh, be mindful of that sparing board  
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !  
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
And all-involving winds have swept away.  
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,      360



The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,  
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game:  
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,  
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
Outstretch'd and finely sensible, *draws* full,  
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,  
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:



Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,  
Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,  
O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and, again,  
Immediate brings them from the towering wing,  
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,  
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,  
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;                   380  
Then most delighted, when she social sees  
The whole mix'd animal creation round  
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
This falsely cheerful, barbarous game of death ;  
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth  
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;  
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,  
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,  
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,                   390  
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,

For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,  
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.  
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!  
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,  
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapp'd;  
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;  
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,  
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits

410

Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,  
By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in;  
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
In act to spring away. The scented dew  
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,

In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,  
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
The savage soul of game is up at once :                  420  
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,  
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,  
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;



O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,  
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight. 430

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:  
Deception short! though, fleeter than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
And plunges deep into the wildest wood—  
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling through his every shift. 440

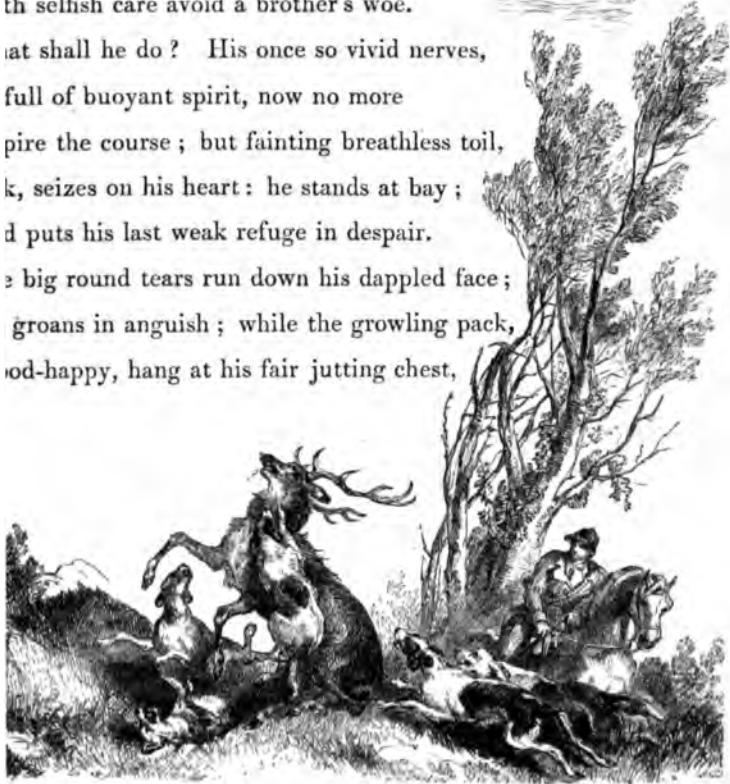
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees  
The glades, mild-opening to the golden day,  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries



lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;  
seeks the herd : the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
th selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

at shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
pire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,  
k, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
d puts his last weak refuge in despair.

big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,  
od-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,



And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth  
Whose fervent blood boils into violence  
Must have the chase — behold, despising flight, 460  
The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,  
Advancing full on the pretended spear,  
And coward band, that circling wheel aloof.  
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
See the grim wolf — on him his shaggy foe  
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die ;  
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then  
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471  
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :  
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge  
High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass  
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness  
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood

Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full —  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks                  480  
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,  
From rock to rock, in circling echo toss'd ;  
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;  
Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,  
In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase ;  
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile  
Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;  
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,                  490  
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths  
Relentless torn : oh glorious he, beyond  
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn  
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,  
With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur,  
Depending decent from the roof ; and, spread  
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with severer toils,  
With feats Thessalian centaurs never knew,                  500



And their repeated wonders shake the dome,

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;  
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd



While hence they borrow vigour: or a main  
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,  
If stomach keen can intervals allow,  
Relating all the glories of the chase.

510

Then sated hunger bids his brother thirst  
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,

Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
A potent gale, delicious as the breath  
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,  
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears  
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.

Nor wanting is the brown *october*, drawn,

Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat  
Of thirty years; and now his honest front  
Flames in the light resplendent, not afraid  
Even with the vineyard's best producé to vie.

520

To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while  
Walks his grave round, beneath a cloud of smoke,  
Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,  
In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss  
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid                                530  
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan  
Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in  
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,  
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls  
Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,  
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,                        541  
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,  
The impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart :  
That moment, touch'd is each congenial soul ;  
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,  
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round ;  
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds  
Mix in the music of the day again.  
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep                        550  
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls ;

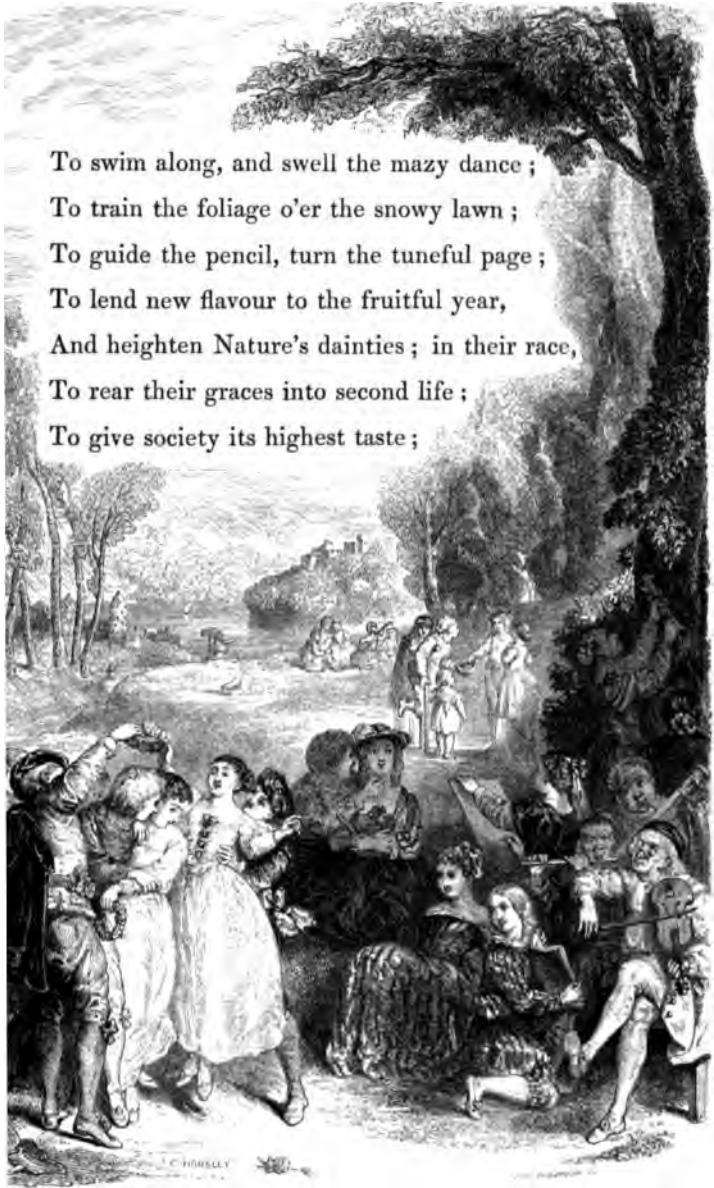
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,  
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,  
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.  
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table even itself was drunk,  
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,       560  
Is heap'd the social slaughter — where astride  
The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
Outlives them all ; and from his buried flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport       570  
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.  
Far be the spirit of the chase from them !

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed —  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
With every motion, every word, to wave                   580  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
And from the smallest violence to shrink,  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears —  
And by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging man.  
Oh may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,  
Through love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,  
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress !                   590  
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
Disclosing motion in its every charm,



To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race,  
To rear their graces into second life ;  
To give society its highest taste ;



J. C. HOBSON.

Well-order'd home, man's best delight to make ;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care-eluding art,  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
Even charm the pains to something more than joy,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life :  
This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank ;                         610  
Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade ;

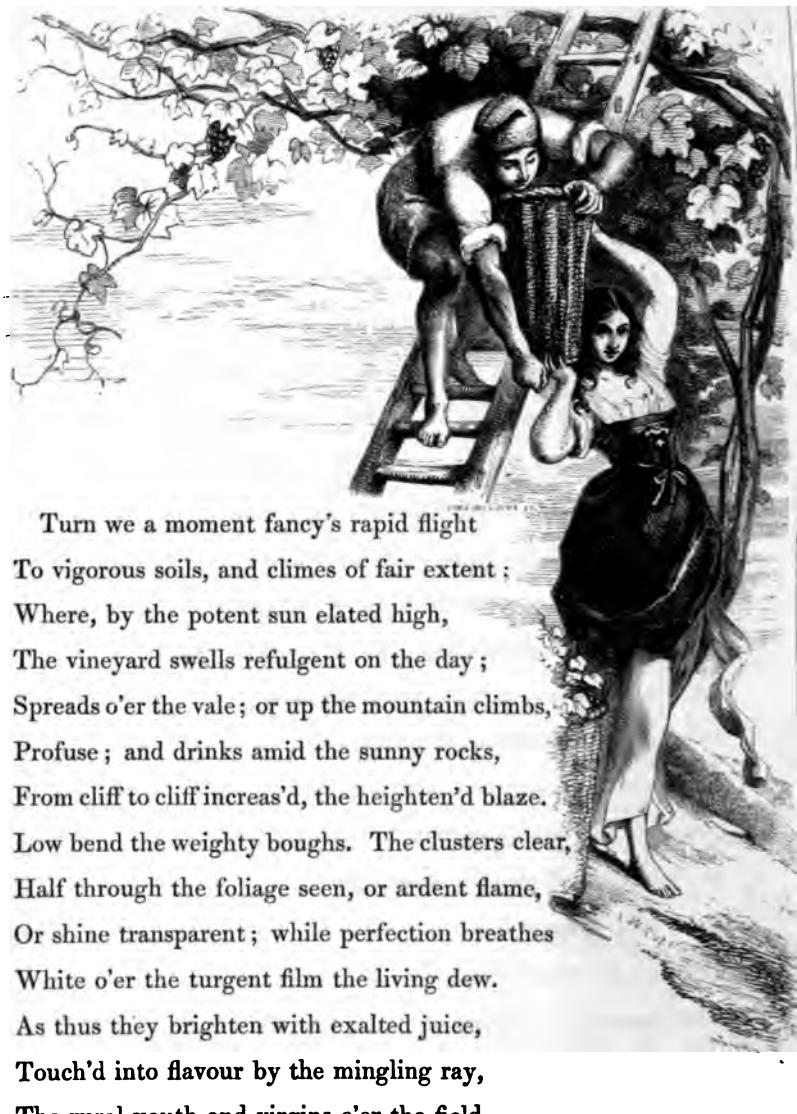


And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
With active vigour crushes down the tree ;  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,                   620  
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair :  
Melinda, form'd with every grace complete,  
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.  
  
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,  
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower                 630  
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.  
A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;  
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,  
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
In ever-changing composition mix'd.  
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night.  
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps

Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.        640

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points  
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :  
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou  
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,  
With British freedom sing the British song ;  
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods — some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind,        650  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.  
  
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day,  
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
Of, Dodington ! thy seat, serene and plain ;  
Where simple nature reigns ; and every view,  
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
In boundless prospect — yonder shagg'd with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !  
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,        660

Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
New beauties rise with each revolving day ;  
New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds  
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
Full of thy genius all ! the muses' seat,  
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,  
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.  
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
The inspiring breeze ; and meditate the book       670  
Of Nature, ever open — aiming thence,  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
And, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :  
Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum,  
With a fine bluish mist of animals  
Clouded ; the ruddy nectarine ; and, dark  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;       680  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.



Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells resplendent on the day ;  
Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs,  
Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.  
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,  
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,

Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,  
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;      700  
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,  
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy :  
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press  
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;  
The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and, quick  
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.      710  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
And high between contending kingdoms rears  
The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety ; but in a night  
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,  
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.

Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems  
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave. 720

Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun  
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ;  
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life  
Objects appear — and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
The shepherd stalks gigantic ; till at last  
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
Successive closing, sits the general fog  
Unbounded o'er the world — and, mingling thick, 730  
A formless grey confusion covers all :  
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)  
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd  
Its infant way ; nor order yet had drawn  
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin  
To smoke along the hilly country, these,  
With weighty rains, and melted alpine snows,  
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores  
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ; 740

Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.  
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,  
The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;  
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.  
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,                  750  
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs ;  
But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
Fresh into day — and all the glittering hill  
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
Amusive dream ! why should the waters love  
To take so far a journey to the hills,  
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?                  760  
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop

Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
The attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?  
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,  
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke  
Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,  
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :  
Old ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,      770  
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd  
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?  
O thou pervading genius, given to man  
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
Oh lay the mountains bare ; and wide display  
Their hidden structure to the astonish'd view !      780  
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;  
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods  
From Asian Taurus, from Imaüs stretch'd  
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds ;

Give opening Hæmus to my searching eye,  
And high Olympus<sup>1</sup> pouring many a stream !  
Oh, from the sounding summits of the north,  
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd  
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;  
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those                   790  
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;  
From cold Rhipæan rocks, which the wild Russ  
Believes the stony girdle<sup>2</sup> of the world ;  
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,  
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods —  
Oh sweep the eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,  
That ever works beneath his sounding base,  
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
His subterranean wonders spread ; unveil                   800  
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon<sup>3</sup> ;  
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,  
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant *line*  
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !



Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose :  
I see the rivers in their infant beds ;  
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free.  
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;      810  
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.  
Strew'd bibulous above I see the sands,  
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts ;  
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,  
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.  
Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,  
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,      820  
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,  
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.  
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,  
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;  
And welling out, around the middle steep,  
· Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,  
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,

The exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,  
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd  
These vapours in continual current draw,  
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,  
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,  
A social commerce hold, and firm support  
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

830

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play  
The swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,  
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,  
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire —  
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,  
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.  
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
With other kindred birds of season, there  
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months  
Invite them welcome back ; for, stronging, now  
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

840

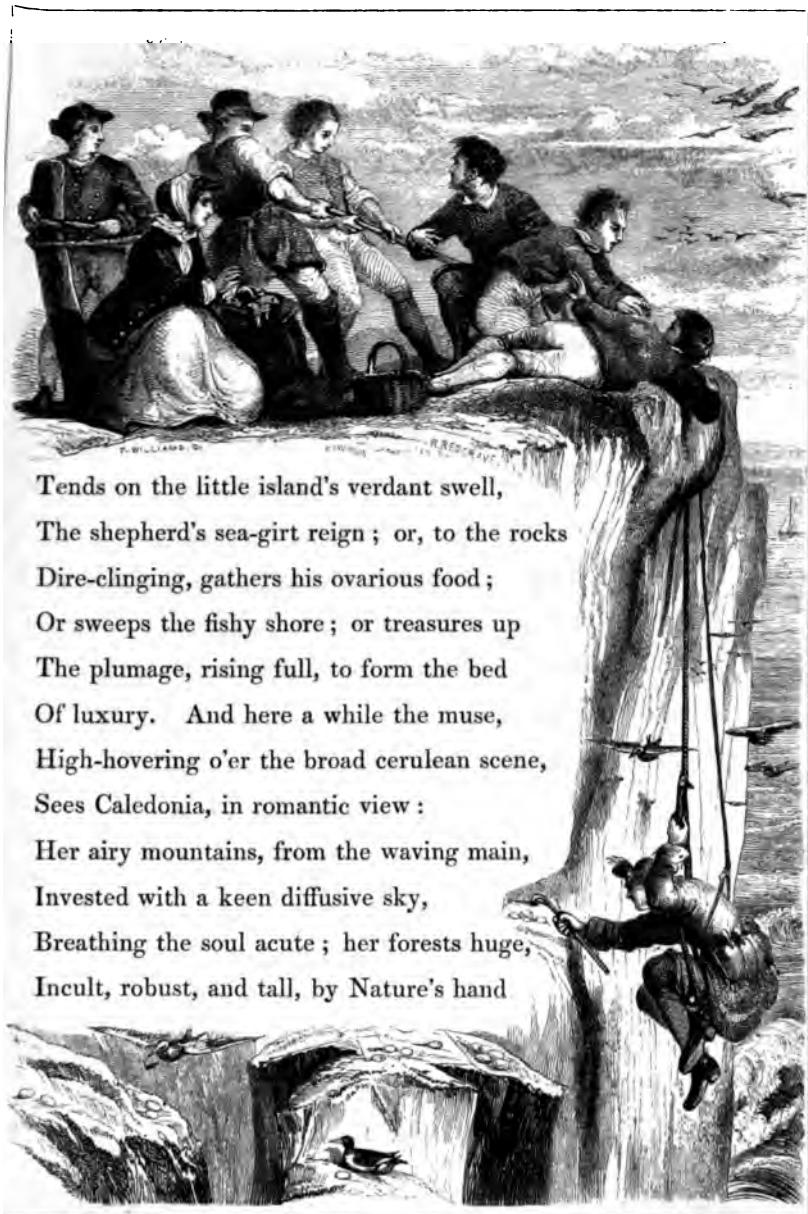
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep

850

By diligence amazing, and the strong  
Unconquerable hand of liberty,  
The stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,  
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.  
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,  
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings —  
And many a circle, many a short essay,  
Wheel'd round and round — in congregation full  
The figur'd flight ascends ; and, riding high        860  
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,  
Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
Of farthest Thulè, and the Atlantic surge  
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides —  
Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?  
And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?  
Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,  
And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.        870

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,  
And herd diminutive of many hues,



Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks  
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;  
Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up  
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed  
Of luxury. And here a while the muse,  
High-hoovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :  
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,  
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,  
Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,  
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand

Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,  
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth  
Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales —  
With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure *parent-stream*,  
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed, 890  
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)  
To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
O'er Orcas' or Berubium's highest peak.  
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school  
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited  
By learning, when before the Gothic rage  
She took her western flight. A manly race,  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;  
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard  
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest, 900  
Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)  
To hold a generous undiminish'd state —  
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds  
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
O'er every land, for every land their life  
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,

And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil :  
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh ! is there not some patriot, in whose power 910  
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,  
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
Through late posterity ? some, large of soul,  
To cheer dejected industry, to give  
A double harvest to the pining swain,  
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?  
How, by the finest art, the native robe  
To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar  
How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on, 920  
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets  
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;  
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe ;  
And thus, in soul united as in name,  
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep !

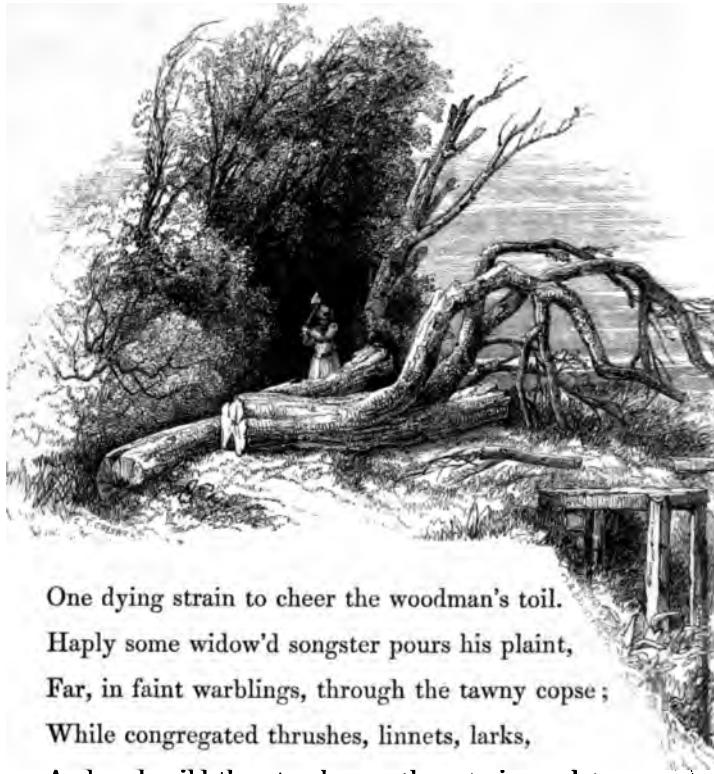
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,  
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 930  
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ;  
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,  
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,  
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
Of sulphurous war, on Taisniere's dreadful field.  
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :  
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue 940  
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;  
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
Thee, Forbès, too, whom every worth attends,  
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind —  
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,  
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;  
And seldom has she felt a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods, 950

Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,  
Of every hue from wan declining green  
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,  
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks;  
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
The gentle current: while, illumin'd wide,                   960  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time  
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things;  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,  
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,                   970  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
And through theadden'd grove, where scarce is heard



One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades, .  
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock!  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
Oh let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year

Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove —  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;  
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree ;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power  
Of philosophic melancholy comes !  
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,

The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,  
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes ;      1010  
Inflames imagination ; through the breast  
Infuses every tenderness ; and far  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.  
As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
As varied, and as high : devotion rais'd  
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;  
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,      1020  
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,  
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth,  
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn  
Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;  
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
Inspiring glory through remotest time ;  
The awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame ;  
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;

With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades, 1030  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales,  
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms !  
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along ;  
And voices more than human, through the void  
Deep-sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear.

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers  
That o'er the garden and the rural seat  
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land  
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees, 1040  
Oh lead me to the wide-extended walks,  
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe !  
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore  
E'er saw such sylvan scenes ; such various art  
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd  
By cool judicious art — that, in the strife,  
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.  
And there, O Pitt ! thy country's early boast,  
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,  
Or in that temple <sup>4</sup> where, in future times, 1050

Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;  
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles  
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
While there with thee the enchanted round I walk,  
The regulated wild, gay fancy then  
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;  
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,  
Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind. 1060

Oh if hereafter she, with juster hand,  
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,  
To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
What every decent character requires,  
And every passion speaks — oh ! through her strain  
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds  
The attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
Of honest zeal the indignant lightning throws,  
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.

While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales 1070  
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :  
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files

Of order'd trees should'st here inglorious range,  
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe,  
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;  
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
The British youth would hail thy wise command, 1080  
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;  
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd  
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,  
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along



The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,  
Full-orb'd and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,  
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east. 1090  
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,  
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,  
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide 1101  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.  
But when half-blotted from the sky her light,  
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven —  
Or quite extinct her deaden'd orb appears,  
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white —  
Oft in this season, silent from the north  
A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first

The lower skies, they all at once converge                    1110  
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
Relapsing quick as quickly re-ascend,  
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew —  
All ether coursing in a maze of light.  
  
From look to look, contagious through the crowd,  
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
The appearance throws: armies in meet array,  
Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire ;  
Till, the long lines of full-extended war  
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood            1120  
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,  
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;  
Of shallow famine, inundation, storm ;  
Of pestilence, and every great distress ;  
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck            1130  
The unalterable hour: even Nature's self

Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.  
Not so the man of philosophic eye,  
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.      1140  
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;  
Distinction lost ; and gay variety  
One universal blot : such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.  
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,      1150  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue  
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss —



Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,  
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf ;  
While still, from day to day, his pining wife  
And plaintive children his return await,  
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
Sent by the better genius of the night,



Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
The meteor sits ; and shows the narrow path,  
That winding leads through pits of death, or else  
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;  
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;  
And hung on every spray, on every blade      1170  
Of grass, the myriad dewdrops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit  
Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur ; while, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for Winter poor — rejoic'd  
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;      1180  
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumbles from their honied domes,

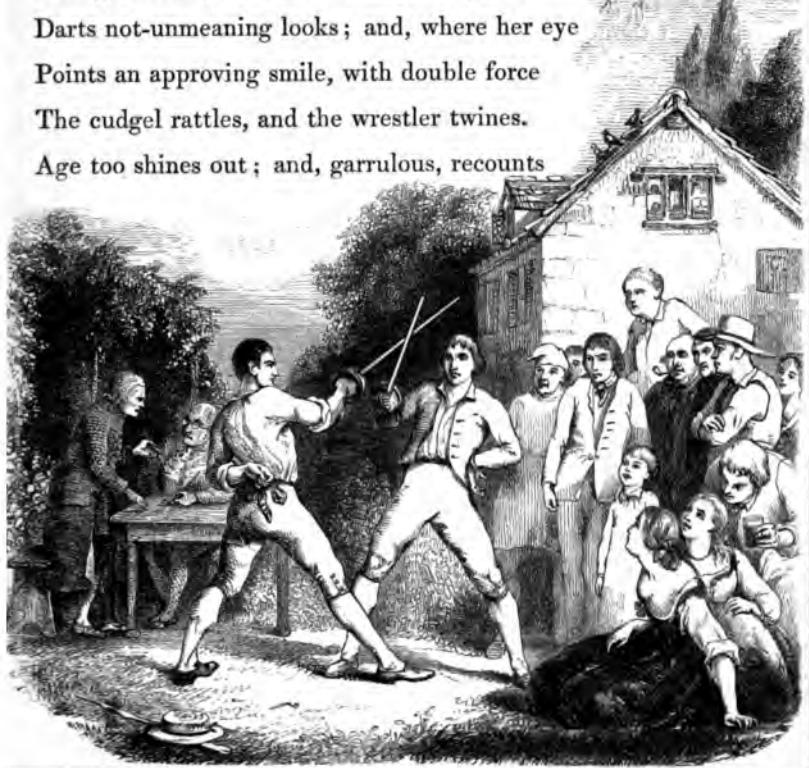
Convolv'd, and agonising in the dust.  
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away ?  
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?  
O man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,  
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,      1190  
Awaiting renovation ? When oblig'd,  
Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food  
Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ;  
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day ?  
See where the stony bottom of their town  
Looks desolate, and wild ; with here and there  
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.      1200  
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep  
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd

By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,  
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,  
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,  
Infinite splendour ! wide-investing all.                    1210  
How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads  
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply ting'd  
With a peculiar blue ! the ethereal arch  
How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd  
The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below,  
The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all  
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;  
And instant Winter's utmost rage defied :                1220  
While, loose to festive joy, the country round  
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,  
By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,



Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
Points an approving smile, with double force  
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts



The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think  
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil  
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh ! knew he but his happiness, of men  
The happiest he, who far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life !  
  
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd      1240  
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?  
  
Vile intercourse ! What though the glittering robe,  
Of every hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?  
  
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
With luxury, and death ? What though his bowl  
Flames not with costly juice ; nor, sunk in beds,      1250  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?  
  
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,

That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?  
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd  
To disappointment, and fallacious hope :  
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring      1260  
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough  
When Summer reddens and when Autumn beams,  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap —  
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;  
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;      1270  
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;  
Unsullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;

Health ever-blooming ; unambitious toil ;  
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.

Let such as deem it glory to destroy, 1280

Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;  
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,  
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.

Let some, far-distant from their native soil,  
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,  
Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let this through cities work his eager way,  
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,

The social sense extinct ; and that ferment  
Mad into tumult the seditious herd, 1290

Or melt them down to slavery. Let these  
Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
An iron race ! and those of fairer front,  
But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ;  
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,

And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
While he, from all the stormy passions free  
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears, 1300  
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,  
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,  
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, through the revolving year ;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more. 1310  
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours  
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,  
Or Hæmus cool, reads what the muse, of these  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;

Or what she dictates writes ; and oft, an eye      1820  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams  
Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.  
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.  
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,      1830  
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.  
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
O'er land and sea imagination roams ;  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;  
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone      1840  
Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace

Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;  
For happiness and true philosophy  
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.  
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life  
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,                  1350  
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !  
O Nature ! all-sufficient ! over all !  
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !  
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,  
World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,  
Show me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
Give me to scan ; through the disclosing deep  
Light my blind way : the mineral strata there ;  
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;          1360  
O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
Of animals ; and, higher still, the mind,  
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,

And where the mixing passions endless shift —  
These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !  
But if to that unequal — if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
That best ambition — under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,  
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song ;  
And let me never, never stray from thee !

1370

1373





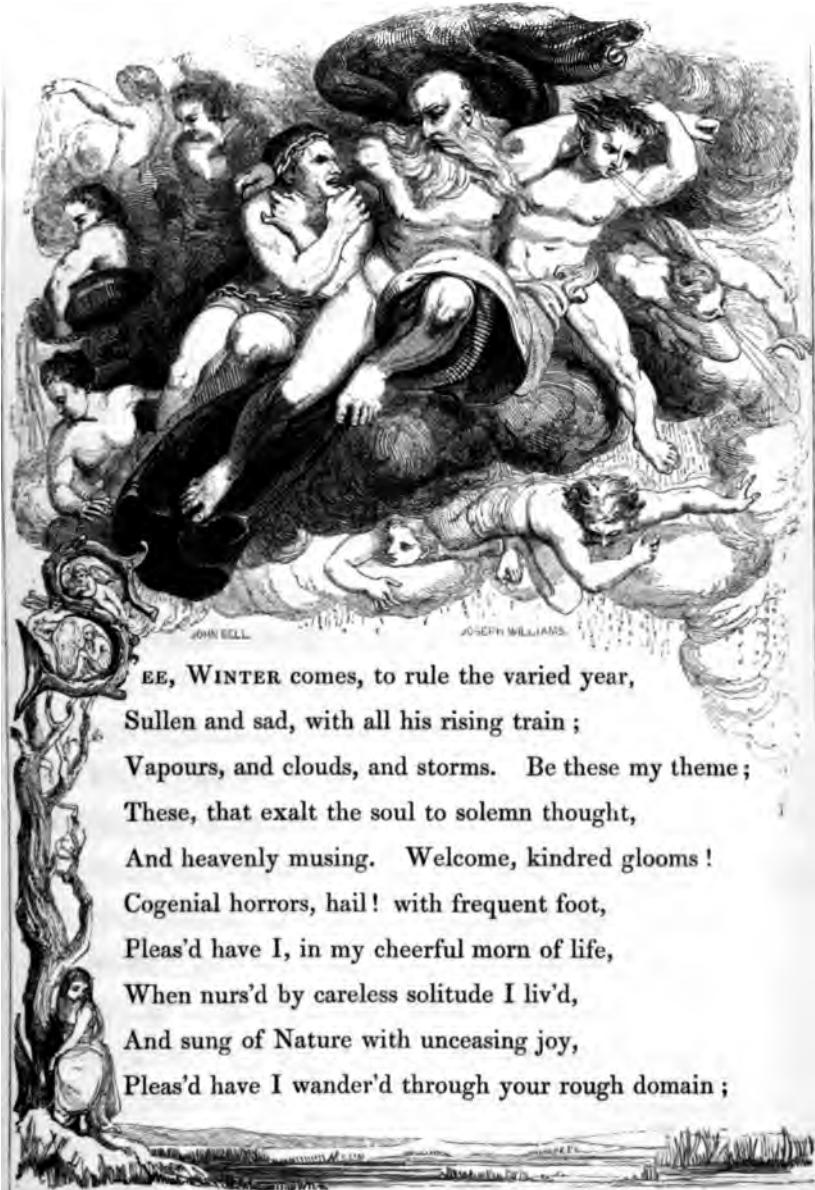




#### THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain, Wind, Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described: as spent by philosophers, by the country people, in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.





EE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme ;  
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !  
Cogenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,  
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain ;

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;                            11  
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;  
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd  
In the grim evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time ;  
Till through the lucid chambers of the south  
Look'd out the joyous Spring—look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of this *first* essay,  
The muse, O Wilmington ! renews her song.  
Since has she rounded the revolving year :  
Skimm'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne,                    20  
Attempted through the summer blaze to rise ;  
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;  
And now among the wintry clouds again,  
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;  
To swell her note with all the rushing winds ;  
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;  
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :  
Thrice-happy ! could she fill thy judging ear  
With bold description, and with manly thought.  
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,                            30  
And how to make a mighty people thrive :  
But equal goodness, sound integrity,

A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul  
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal —  
A steady spirit, regularly free ;  
These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
Into the patriot ; these, the public hope  
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse  
Record what envy dares not flattery call.      40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,  
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year —  
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun  
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.  
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
Through the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,  
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;  
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,      50  
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,  
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,

Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,  
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,  
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
Through nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.       60  
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with more than melancholy views.  
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm ;  
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,       70  
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.  
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
Wrapt in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure  
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,  
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods  
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain



Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds  
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,  
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love  
To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
The cattle from the untasted fields return,  
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,  
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade. —  
Thither the household feathery people crowd —  
The crested cock, with all his female train,  
Pensive and dripping ; while the cottage-hind  
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there



Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,  
At last the rous'd-up river pours along :  
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;  
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,      100  
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd  
Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,  
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream —  
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !  
That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sings !      110  
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.

Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,  
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ?  
In what far-distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stain'd — red fiery streaks      120  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
Which master to obey ; while rising slow,  
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.  
Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,  
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray ;  
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ;      130  
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,  
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,

With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,  
The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
Foretell the blast. But chief the plumy race,  
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train      140  
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,  
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.  
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing



The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide  
And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,  
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,                   150  
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,  
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.  
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air  
Down in a torrent. On the passive main  
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
Through the black night that sits immense around,  
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.           160  
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds across the howling waste  
Of mighty waters : now the inflated wave  
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
Into the secret chambers of the deep,

The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.  
Emerging thence again, before the breath      170  
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,  
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,  
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.  
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons  
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,  
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.      180  
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;  
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's  
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,  
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;  
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,  
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.      190

Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd  
With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.  
All nature reels: till nature's King, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;         200  
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious night,  
And contemplation her sedate compeer;  
Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !  
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train !         210  
Where are you now? and what is your amount ?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,  
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !  
Oh teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit ; and feed my soul                   220  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure —  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

The keener tempests come ; and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend — in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.  
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes              230  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox      240  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household-gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first      250  
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds

Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,        260  
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,  
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind ;  
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,  
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains        270  
In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,  
The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce  
All Winter drives along the darken'd air,  
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain

Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,       280  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray—  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home : the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
When for the dusky spot which fancy feign'd       290  
His tufted cottage, rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;  
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,       300



Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man —  
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.



In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm :  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse — 320  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, surround :  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste :  
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel this very moment death,  
And all the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330  
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms :

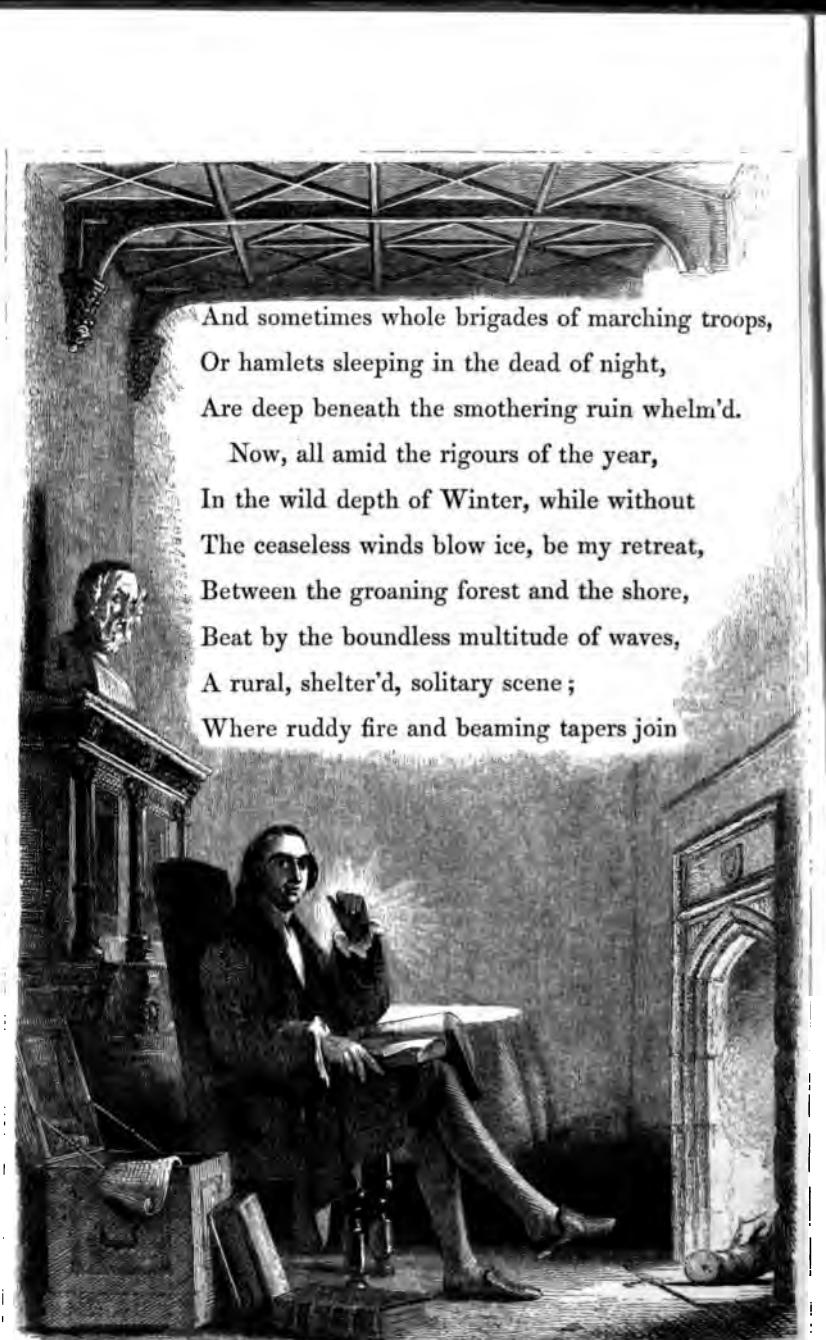
Shut from the common air, and common use  
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;                   340  
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.  
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand  
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
That one incessant struggle render life,                   350  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;  
The conscious heart of charity would warm,

And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;  
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band <sup>1</sup>,  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ? 361  
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;  
Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.  
While in the land of liberty, the land  
Whose every street and public meeting glow  
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd :  
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;  
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ; 370  
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,  
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.  
Oh great design ! if executed well,

With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,      380  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.  
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,  
And every man within the reach of right !  
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract  
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,      390  
And wavy Apennines, and Pyrénées,  
Branch out stupendous into distant lands —  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !  
Burning for blood ! bony, and gaunt, and grim !  
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ;  
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,  
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,

Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400  
Or shake the murdering savages away.  
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance  
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,  
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
But if, appris'd of the severe attack,  
The country be shut up—lur'd by the scent,  
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410  
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,  
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.  
Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd  
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell,  
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.  
From steep to steep, loud-thundering, down they come,  
A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;  
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420



And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
In the wild depth of Winter, while without  
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
Between the groaning forest and the shore,  
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;  
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join

To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the mighty dead ;  
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,  
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind  
With arts and arms, and humanis'd a world.  
Rous'd at the inspiring thought, I throw aside  
The longliv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail  
The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass  
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,  
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,                  440  
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,  
Invincible ! calm reason's holy law,  
That voice of God within the attentive mind,  
Obeying, fearless, or in life or death :  
Great moral teacher ! wisest of mankind !  
Solon the next, who built his commonweal  
On equity's wide base ; by tender laws  
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd  
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
Whence in the laurell'd field of finer arts,                  450  
And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone —  
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.

Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force  
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,  
All human passions. Following him, I see,  
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
The firm devoted chief<sup>2</sup>, who prov'd by deeds  
The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;  
Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice      460  
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;  
In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;  
Who, even his glory to his country's weal  
Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's<sup>3</sup> fame.  
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears  
Cimon sweet-soul'd ; whose genius, rising strong,  
Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad  
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
Of every worth and every splendid art—  
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.      470  
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
Late-call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,  
Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild and firm,

Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.  
And, equal to the best, the Theban pair,<sup>4</sup>  
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,  
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.  
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,  
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,      480  
Phocion the good ; in public life severe,  
To virtue still inexorably firm ;  
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.  
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw  
Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.  
The two Achæan heroes close the train.      490  
Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul  
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece ;  
And he her darling as her latest hope,  
The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms  
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure :  
Or, toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;

Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.  
Of rougher front, a mighty people come !  
A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times  
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame      500  
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.  
Her better founder first, the light of Rome,  
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.  
Servius, the king who laid the solid base  
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.  
Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
The public father<sup>5</sup> who the private quell'd,  
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
He whom his thankless country could not lose,  
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.      510  
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;  
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.  
Thy willing victim<sup>6</sup>, Carthage, bursting loose  
From all that pleading nature could oppose ;  
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.  
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran ;

And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade  
With friendship and philosophy retir'd.                           520

Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while  
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.  
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.  
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,  
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,  
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.  
Thousands, besides, the tribute of a verse  
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven ?  
Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state,                           530  
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :



'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain !  
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,  
Parent of song ! and equal by his side,  
The British muse ; join'd hand in hand they walk,  
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.  
Nor absent are those shades whose skilful touch  
Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd  
Transported Athens with the moral *scene* ;  
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd the enchanting lyre. 540  
First of your kind ! society divine !  
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.  
Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;  
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,  
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign  
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,  
Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.  
Or from the muses' hill will Pope descend, . . . . . 550  
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
And with the social spirit warm the heart :  
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,



Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou the darling pride,  
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !

Ah ! why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?      560

What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasur'd store  
Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal  
To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ?

What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm  
Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the muse,  
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?

Ah ! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,      570  
And teach our humble hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :  
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame

Was call'd late-rising from the void of night,  
Or sprung eternal from the Eternal Mind ;  
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ;        580  
And each diffusive harmony unite,  
In full perfection, to the astonish'd eye.  
Then would we try to scan the moral world ;  
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
In higher order—fitted, and impell'd,  
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In general good. The sage historic muse  
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time :  
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,  
In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,    590  
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,  
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul  
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,

In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul—  
Then, even superior to ambition, we                       600  
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide  
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
Of rural life ; or snatch'd away by hope,  
Through the dim spaces of futurity,  
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes  
Of happiness, and wonder—where the mind,  
In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes               610  
Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form  
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise—  
Or folly-painting humour, grave himself,  
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.  
  
Meantime the village rouses up the fire :  
While, well attested and as well believ'd,  
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round,

Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round :  
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,



Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;  
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,  
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep ;  
The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes  
Of native music, the respondent dance.  
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,       630  
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,  
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf  
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
The glittering court effuses every pomp ;       640  
The circle deepens ; beam'd from gaudy robes,  
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :  
While, a gay insect in *his* summer shine,  
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

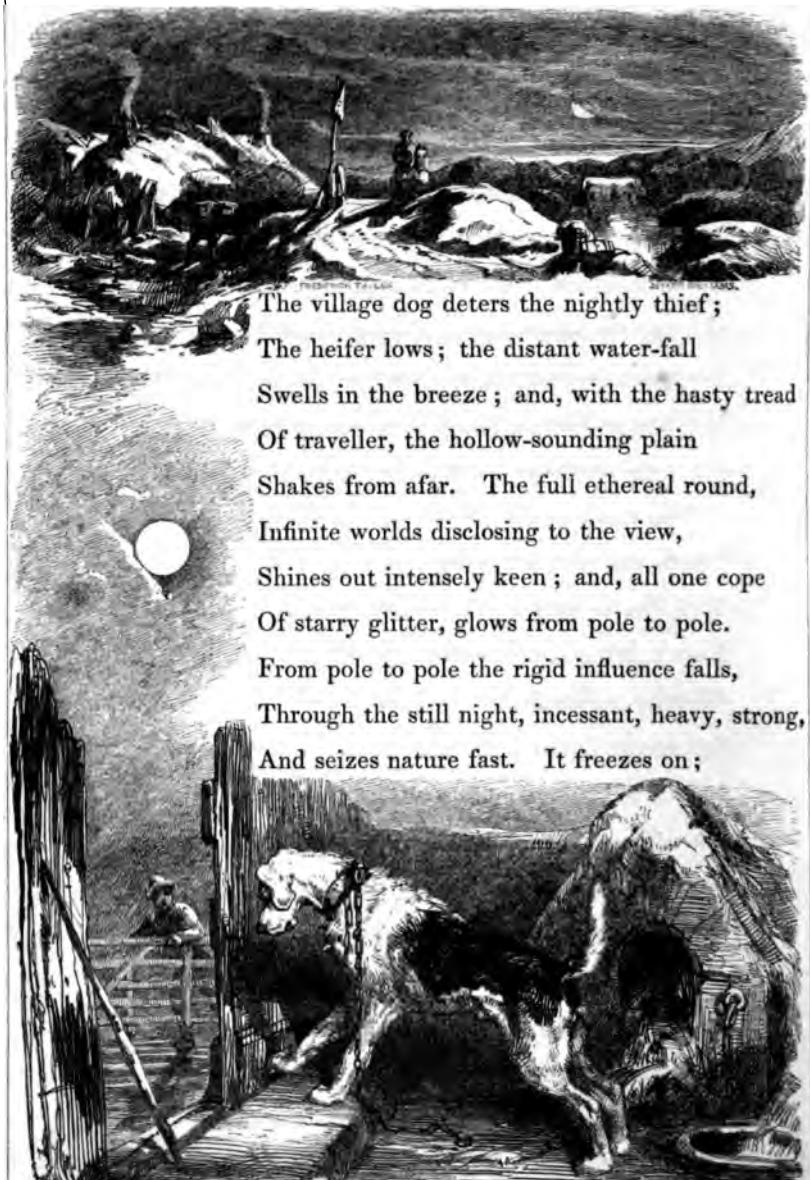
Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;  
Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;  
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear  
Steals o'er the cheek : or else the comic muse      650  
Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.  
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,  
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil<sup>7</sup> show'd.  
O thou whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,  
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill  
To touch the finer springs that move the world,  
Join'd to whate'er the graces can bestow,  
And all Apollo's animating fire,      660  
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
Of polish'd life—permit the rural muse,  
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !  
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,  
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,  
(For every muse has in thy train a place)

To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :  
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,  
Rejects the allurements of corrupted power ;                   670  
That elegant politeness, which excels,  
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
The boasted manners of her shining court ;  
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,  
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
Oh let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd                   680  
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,  
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :  
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again  
Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart,  
The obedient passions on thy voice attend ;  
And even reluctant party feels a while  
Thy gracious power—as through the varied maze  
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,

Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.      690  
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy muse :  
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,  
Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene,  
For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies —  
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
Storing afresh with elemental life.  
Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds  
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;  
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves, 700  
In swifter sallies darting to the brain —  
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
All nature feels the renovating force  
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye  
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire : and luculent along      710  
The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,

Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores  
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,  
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly ?  
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd  
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
Through water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve, 720  
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,  
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid-career  
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,  
Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,  
Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone —  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730  
The whole imprison'd river growls below.  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,



The village dog deters the nightly thief ;  
The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall  
Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on ;

Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent night :  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair,      750  
Where transient hues, and fancied figures, rise ;  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;  
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave ;  
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,  
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.  
On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,      760  
While every work of man is laid at rest,  
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport  
And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,  
Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy  
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine  
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,

From every province swarming, void of care,  
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,  
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,  
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.

770



Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise  
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,  
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,

Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

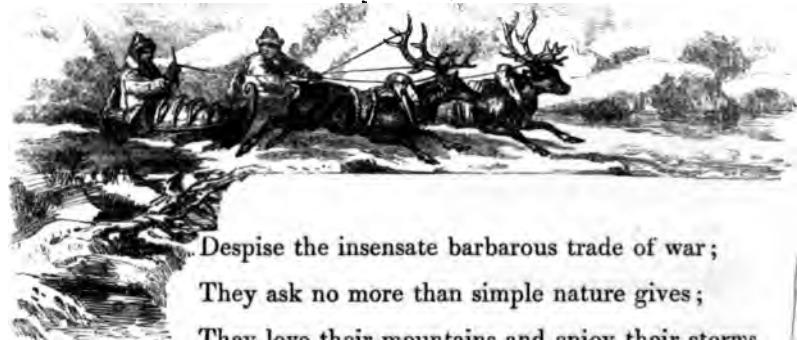
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;  
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780  
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon ;  
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.  
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
Relents a while to the reflected ray ;  
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
Thunders the sport of those who with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790  
Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this ? our infant Winter sinks,  
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye  
Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone ;  
Where, for relentless months, continual night  
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

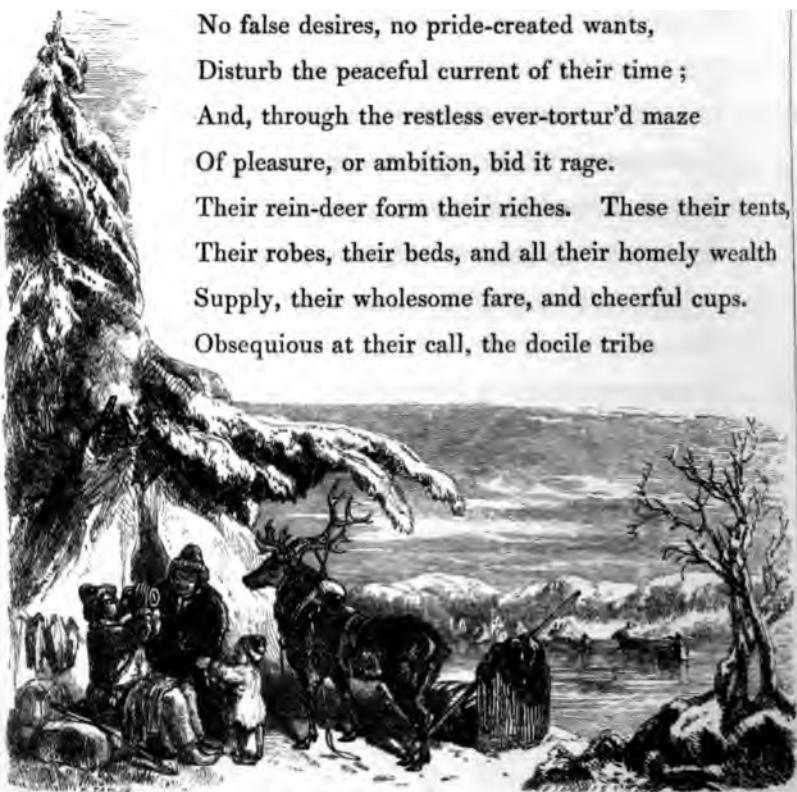
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,

Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,                    800  
Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around  
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;  
And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,  
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
Their icy horrors to the frozen main ;  
And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,  
Save when its annual course the caravan  
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,<sup>8</sup>  
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows ;  
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,            810  
The fury nations harbour : tipp'd with jet,  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;  
Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,  
Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,  
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows ; and, scarce his head  
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.  
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,            820  
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives

The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,  
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
He lays them quivering on the ensanguin'd snows,  
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
There through the piny forest half-absorpt,  
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,       880  
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,  
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
Hardens his heart against assailing want.  
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,  
A boisterous race, by frosty caurus<sup>9</sup> pierc'd,  
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame  
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,  
Drove martial horde on horde<sup>10</sup>, with dreadful sweep  
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,       841  
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.  
Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they



Despise the insensate barbarous trade of war;  
They ask no more than simple nature gives;  
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.  
No false desires, no pride-created wants,  
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;  
And, through the restless ever-tortur'd maze  
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.  
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,  
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.  
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe



Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift  
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse  
Of marbled snow, or far as eye can sweep  
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.

By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake  
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,  
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play  
With doubled lustre from the radiant waste,  
Even in the depth of polar night, they find  
A wondrous day—enough to light the chase,  
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.

Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,  
While dim aurora slowly moves before,

The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
By small degrees extends the swelling curve;

Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,  
Still, round and round, his spiral course he winds,  
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb  
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.

In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,  
Where pure Niëmi's <sup>11</sup> fairy mountains rise,  
And fring'd with roses Tenglio <sup>12</sup> rolls his stream,

They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;  
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.      880  
Thrice-happy race! by poverty secur'd  
From legal plunder and rapacious power :  
In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
Injurious deed; nor, blasted by the breath  
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.  
Still pressing on, beyond Tornéa's lake,  
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,      890  
The muse expands her solitary flight;  
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.<sup>13</sup>  
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,  
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;  
And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:  
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;

Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;  
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900  
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;  
Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky —  
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd  
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,  
Alps frown on alps ; or rushing hideous down, 910  
As if old chaos was again return'd,  
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
Ocean itself no longer can resist  
The binding fury ; but, in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,  
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
Of every life, that from the dreary months  
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 920

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
Take their last look of the descending sun ;  
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate <sup>14</sup>,  
As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd !)  
He for the passage sought, attempted since  
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.  
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,

930

And to the stony deep his idle ship  
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
Each full-exerted at his several task,  
Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued  
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream  
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;  
And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,  
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,  
Here human nature wears its rudest form.

940

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,



They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,  
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,  
Nor tenderness, they know; nor aught of life,  
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.  
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform, 950  
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,  
A people savage from remotest time,  
A huge neglected empire—one vast mind,  
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.  
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He  
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,  
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;  
And while the fierce barbarian he subdu'd,  
To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.  
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960  
Through long successive ages to build up  
A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!  
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then

A mighty shadow of unreal power ;  
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts ;  
And roaming every land—in every port  
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool—  
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.  
Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes !  
Then cities rise amid the illumin'd waste ;  
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;  
Far-distant flood to flood to social join'd ;  
The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;  
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd  
With daring keel before ; and armies stretch  
Each way their dazzling files—repressing here  
The frantic Alexander of the north, 980  
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.  
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,  
Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,  
Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,  
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade—  
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,

More potent still, his great example show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,  
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,  
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
That wash the ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave— 1000  
And, hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,  
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure

The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
More to embroil the deep, leviathan  
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd brine ; while through the gloom,  
Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,  
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye, 1020  
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe  
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.  
"Tis done !—Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !  
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends  
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man ! 1028  
See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years—  
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,



Thy sober Autumn fading into age,  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled  
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes



Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?  
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?  
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts,  
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?  
All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,  
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,                   1040  
His guide to happiness on high.— And see !  
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth  
Of heaven and earth ! Awakening nature hears  
The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
For ever free. The great eternal scheme  
Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,           1050  
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power  
And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause  
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
And died, neglected ; why the good man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul ;  
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd



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In starving solitude—while luxury,  
In palaces, lay straining her low thought  
To form unreal wants ; why heaven-born truth,  
And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
Of superstition's scourge ; why licens'd pain,  
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,

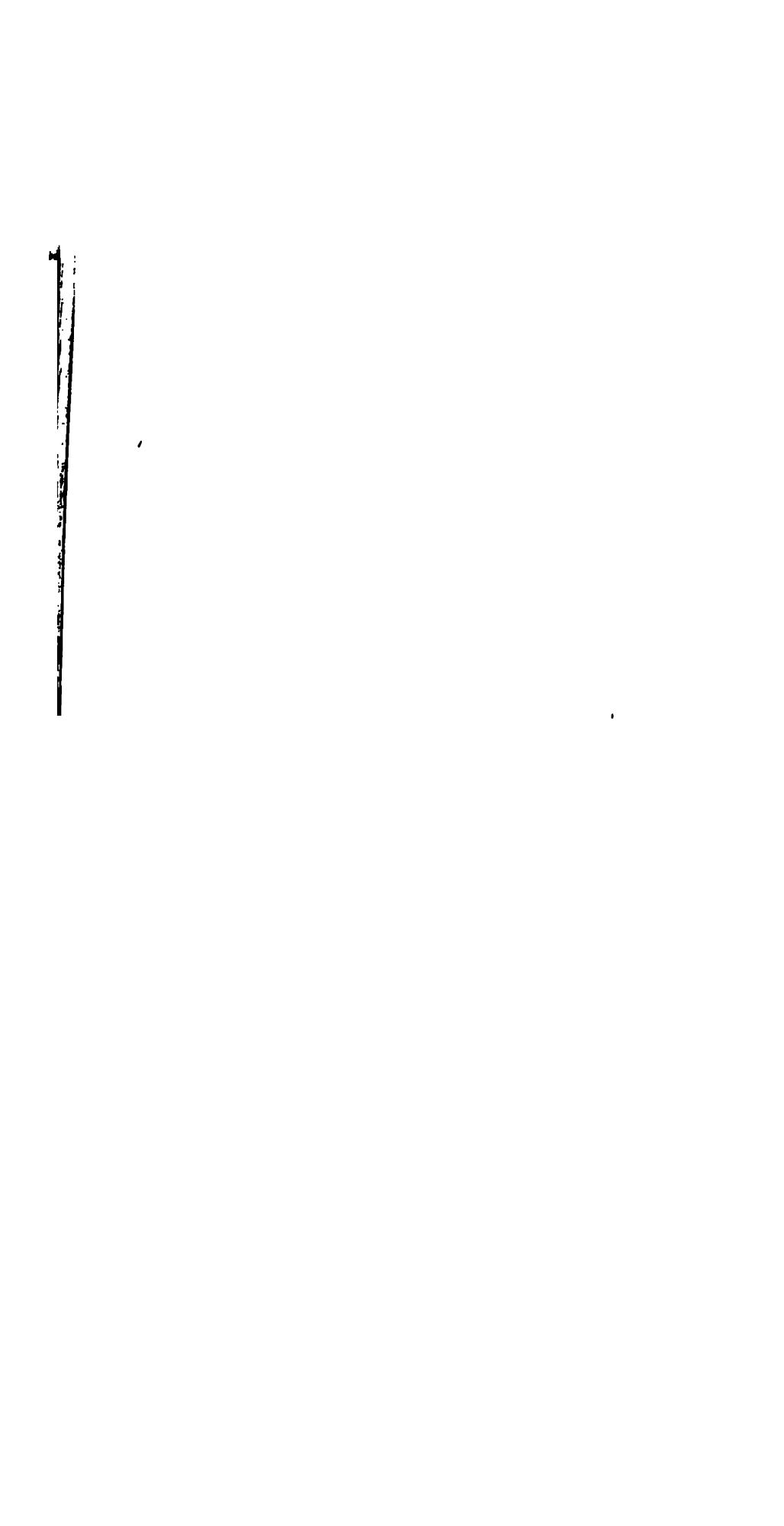


Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !  
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while ;  
And what your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deem'd evil is no more :  
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

1069



A HYMN.





THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
Wide-flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;

Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.  
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat resplendent. Then thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;      10  
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks—  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter, awful thou ! with clouds and storms  
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing  
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,  
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.      20

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;  
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.



But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;      30  
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :  
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms !  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;                       50  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound his stupendous praise—whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
In mingled clouds to him—whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him ;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,               60  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day ! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On nature write with every beam his praise.  
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;           70  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

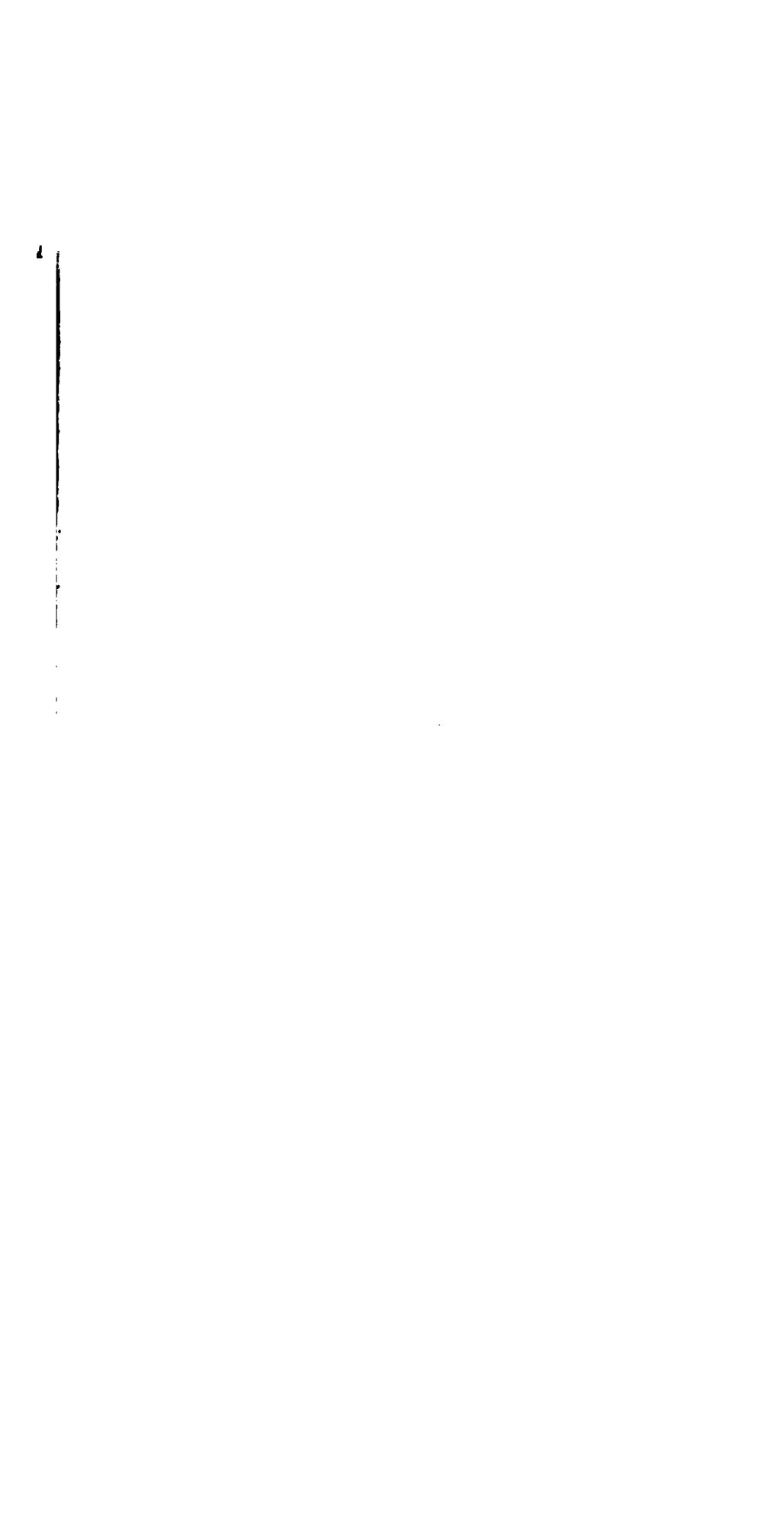
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds ! sweet philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise. 80  
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base :  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove ; 90  
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray  
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,  
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,  
Be my tongue mute—may fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge      100  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me :  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full ;  
And where he vital spreads, there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,      110  
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;  
From seeming evil still educating good,  
And better thence again, and better still,

In infinite progression.— But I lose  
Myself in him, in Light ineffable !  
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.      118





**NOTES ON THE SEASONS,**

**BY THE AUTHOR.**



## N O T E S.

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### SPRING.

NOTE 1. Line 757. p. 45.

*Such as amazing frowns  
On utmost Kilda's shore.*

The farthest of the Western Islands of Scotland.

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### SUMMER.

NOTE 1. Line 564. p. 101.

*And art thou, Stanley, of that sacred band?*

A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

NOTE 2. Line 641. p. 105.

*But kind before him sends,  
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,  
The general breeze.*

Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

## NOTE 3. Line 645. p. 105.

*That see, each circling year,  
Returning suns and double seasons pass.*

In all places between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and re-passes in his annual motion, is twice a year perpendicular, which produces this effect.

## NOTE 4. Line 710. p. 108.

*Behold! in plaited mail,  
Behemoth rears his head.*

The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

## NOTE 5. Line 740. p. 109.

*But, if she bids them shine,  
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.*

In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

## NOTE 6. Line 827. p. 114.

*Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines  
With insect-lamps.*

The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

## NOTE 7. Line 840. p. 114.

*The mighty Orellana.*

The river of the Amazons.

NOTE 8. Lines 984. and 986. p. 121.

*The circling typhon, whirl'd from point to point,  
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,  
And dire ecnephias, reign.*

Typhon and ecnephias, terms for particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

NOTE 9. Line 987. p. 121.

*Deep in a cloudy speck  
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.*

Called by sailors the ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

NOTE 10. Line 1001. p. 122.

*With such mad seas the daring Gama fought.*

Vasco da Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

NOTE 11. Line 1010. p. 123.

*The Lusitanian prince.*

Dom Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

NOTE 12. Line 1058. p. 125.

*From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,  
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields  
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,  
This great destroyer sprung.*

These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject. [A short discourse concerning pestilential contagion, &c. London, 1720. 8vo.]

NOTE 13. Line 1347. p. 139.

*So stands the statue that enchanteth the world.*

The Venus of [the] Medici.

NOTE 14. Line 1408. p. 143.

*Or ascend,*

*While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
Thy hill, delightful Sheen !*

The old name of Richmond, [*shene*] signifying in Saxon *shining*, or *splendour*.

NOTE 15. Line 1411. p. 143.

*The sister-hills that skirt her plain.*

Highgate and Hampstead.

NOTE 16. Line 1528. p. 149.

*With him*

*His friend, the British Cassius, fearless bled.*

Algernon Sidney.

NOTE 17. Line 1551. p. 150.

*The generous Ashley thine, the friend of man.*

Anthony Ashley Cooper, earl of Shaftesbury.

## AUTUMN.

NOTE 1. Line 786. p. 211.

*High Olympus pouring many a stream !*

The mountain called by that name in the lesser Asia.

NOTE 2. Line 793. p. 211.

*Cold Rhipean rocks, which the wild Russ  
Believes the stony girdle of the world.*

The Muscovites call the Rhipean mountains Weliki Camenypoys, [Pojas Semnoi, says Strahlenberg,] that is, the great stony girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

NOTE 3. Line 802. p. 211.

*The bending Mountains of the Moon.*

A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

NOTE 4. Line 1050. p. 223.

*That temple where, in future times,  
Thou well shall merit a distinguish'd name.*

The temple of virtue in Stowe gardens.

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## WINTER.

NOTE 1. Line 359. p. 263.

*The generous band,  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?*

The jail committee, in the year 1729.

NOTE 2. Line 457. p. 268.

*I see,*

*As at Thermopylae he glorious fell,  
The firm devoted chief.*

Leonidas.

NOTE 3. Line 464. p. 268.

*A haughty rival's fame.*

Themistocles.

NOTE 4. Line 476. p. 269.

*The Theban pair,*

*Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,  
Their country rais'd to freedom.*

Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

NOTE 5. Line 507. p. 270.

*The public father, who the private quell'd.*

Marcus Junius Brutus.

NOTE 6. Line 513. p. 270.

*Thy willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose  
From all that pleading nature could oppose.*

Regulus.

NOTE 7. Line 655. p. 278.

*Whate'er can deck mankind,  
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil show'd.*

A character in the Conscious Lovers, written by sir Richard Steele.

NOTE 8. Line 808. p. 286.

*The golden coast of rich Cathay.*

The old name for China.

NOTE 9. Line 836. p. 287.

*By frosty caurus pierc'd.*

The north-west wind.

NOTE 10. Line 840. p. 287.

*They once relum'd the flame  
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,  
Drove martial horde on horde.*

The wandering Scythian clans.

NOTE 11. Line 875. p. 289.

*Where pure Niemi's fairy mountains rise.*

M. de Maupertuis, in his book on The Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says : "From this height we had occasion several times to see these vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than for bears." [London, 1738. 8vo. p. 56.]

NOTE 12. Line 876. p. 289.

*And fring'd with roses Tenglio rolls his stream.*

The same author observes : "I was surprised to see, upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio), roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens." [p. 56.]

NOTE 13. Line 893. p. 290.

*Beholds new seas beneath another sky.*

The other hemisphere.

NOTE 14. Line 925. p. 292.

*Such was the Briton's fate,  
As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd !)  
He for the passage sought, attempted since  
So much in vain.*

Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

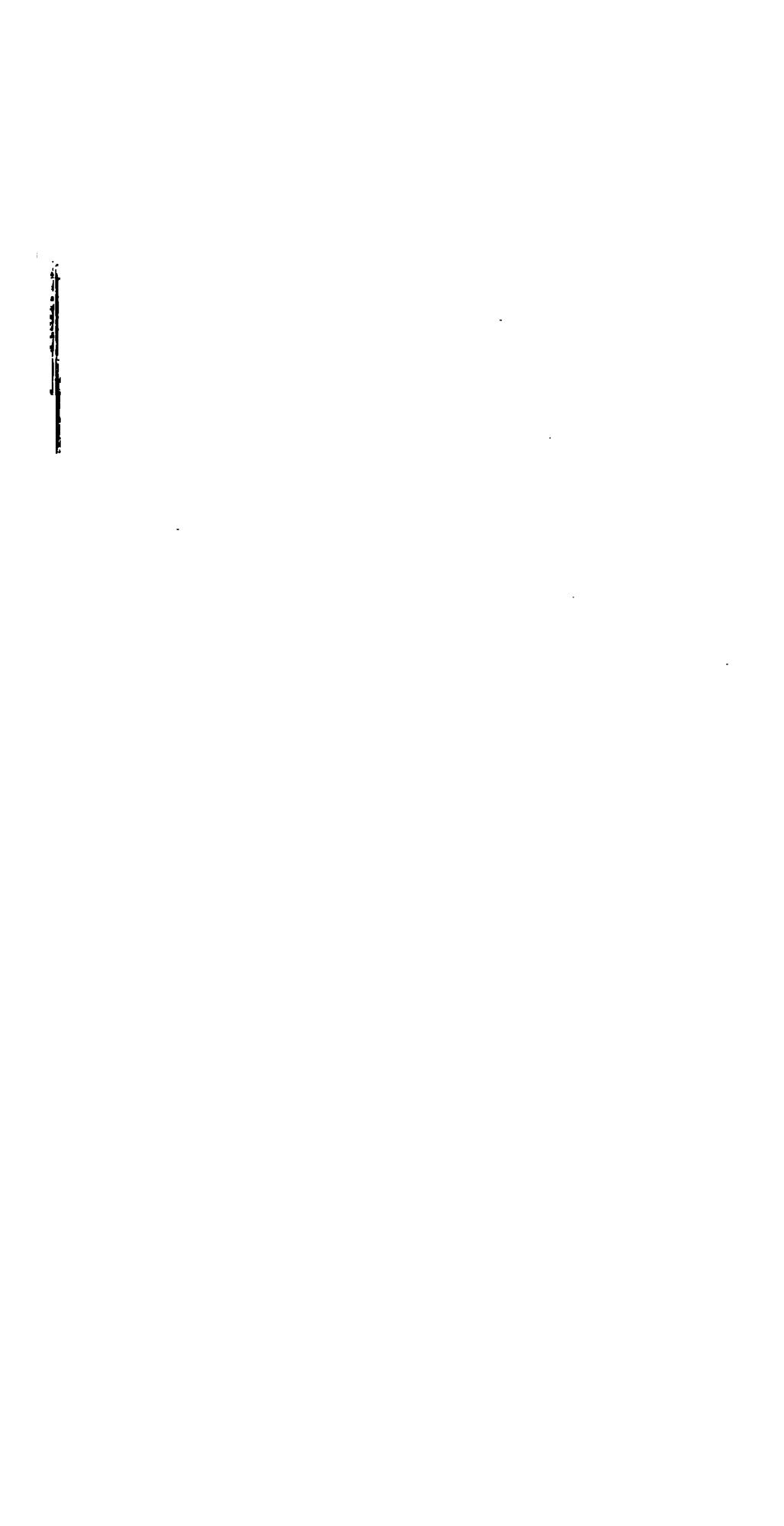
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263







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